

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

Is it possible to get rid for ever of the conflict of duties in life? Is it possible to obtain immediate direction from God on every step that has to be taken? The Rev. Basil MATHEWS, M.A., and the Rev. Harry BISSEKER, M.A., believe that it is possible.

Together they have written a book about it. The title is *Christian Fellowship in Thought and Prayer* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). And the title is well chosen. For the whole secret lies in that word 'fellowship.' The Christian cannot get rid of his perplexities if he prays alone. He must pray in fellowship. He must think in fellowship. In short, there is a definite method to be followed. And if it is somewhat elaborate who will grudge the elaborateness if it ends in reality and rest?

First of all, 'a company of men and women meet together that they may seek that richer consciousness of God, and, with it, that clearer light upon truth or conduct, their need of which has been impressed upon them. The first requirement is that their power of receptivity shall be intensified. Of God's willingness to lead them there is no question. The only point of uncertainty is in their ability to discern and to respond to His direction. Therefore they will begin with earnest and united prayer. This prayer will not be hurried; it will

be a sustained act of communion. And therein they will desire four things.'

'First, they will together wait in silence for a more vivid sense of God's Presence and Reality. In the strain and bustle of ordinary life the vision of the unseen may easily grow dim; they will tarry in stillness before God, craving the penitence and cleansing through which it may once more be made clear to them. Next, they will together pray for the coming of the Kingdom. This will be no light and easy intercession; they will reverently strive to view men from God's own standpoint, and, so far as may be, to enter into His sorrow for the world's sin and His sympathy with the world's need. And when they have thus learnt a little less imperfectly to see mankind as God sees it, alike in its transgressions and in its ultimate possibilities, they will at last be ready, in the third place, to ask for light on the particular matter in which they need the Divine illumination. They will therefore pray together that in this special situation God's own design may be made plain to them. Lastly, that all hindrance in themselves may be removed, they will seek, before they turn to examine the problem, to be freed from every form of self-assertion. In the consciously realized presence of God, and relying on His aid, they will try to expel from their minds all previous bias, all personal preferences and all self-seeking motives,

and at whatever cost, to will God's will both for themselves and for the world.'

Now in all this the one essential matter is that the prayer is offered in an atmosphere of fellowship. This has been found to be essential in experience. There are also good reasons for it. 'The group of men engaged is more than a mere collection of individuals; it is a body of believers—a small but essential section of that living organism which is the Church of Christ, Himself its living Head. On this account the entire spiritual efficiency alike of every part and of the whole is immeasurably increased. Because of its mystical union with its fellows and with the Head, each separate member acquires a power never possessed and never attainable in isolation. The prayer of each, his penitence, his consecration, his very experience of God's Presence, is deepened and enriched by those of all; and, in its turn, "through that which every joint supplieth" the entire body is itself built up in love.'

But fellowship in prayer is only the first part of the method. There must be also fellowship in deliberation. The men who have tried the method and found it workable are not quietists. They do not depreciate intelligence. They do not trust to vague and irrational impulses. 'We have met with no assemblies of men by whom the duty of sincere and resolute thinking is more clearly apprehended. True, their ultimate reliance is upon a wisdom higher than their own. Christ's promise that His Spirit shall guide them into all the truth they believe to be, not merely a beautiful ideal, but also a practical fact on which they may safely count. None the less, beneath this confidence in a heavenly guidance there dwells no lurking hostility to human reason. The inference drawn is rather that, since God has made us rational beings, it is through our minds that He will most naturally lead us. Therefore, prepared by united communion, they turn in their search for God's will to a frank and determined discussion.'

Then there is the third thing. It is the important part of the method. It is also the most difficult. Those men who meet for prayer and deliberation put away from them all self-assertion. Have they their own ideas about God's government? They set them aside. Have they prejudices in favour of 'particular providences'? Or against? They resolutely rid their minds of them. They are ready to revise all their earlier conclusions by any new light that God may reveal to them.

And here more than elsewhere appears the value of the fellowship. For 'no one man's mind, however cultivated and sincere, can perceive the whole truth, whether in relation to conduct or in relation to thought. As the physical light, falling on various objects, is reflected in various shades of colour, each but a partial presentation of its great original, so the light of truth, reflected from men's different minds, is found to exhibit many different aspects, in no single one of which can truth's perfect image be discerned. In the second case, as in the first, the pure white light is gained only when all these partial reflections are combined. Each individual's view needs to be checked and supplemented by the view of his fellows.

'It is not merely that no separate human being ever has attained a perfect wisdom; as a separate human being he never can attain it. He has been so made that he will find his fullest life only in fellowship with others—a fact which applies to his intellectual life as well as to life in all its other phases. As, then, he seeks to form right judgments, he has no power, even if he had the will, to be strictly independent. He was born a member of a body, and not even in his thinking has he the right to say to another, "I have no need of thee."

'That being the case, men who are seeking God's guidance in any given situation, and believe that their minds are the instruments through which He is wont to direct them, will be eager to welcome light from every possible angle. It will be assumed that no single point of view contains the whole

truth which God is waiting to reveal; and this will be acknowledged even by those among whom that point of view may be most strongly maintained. But it will also be assumed that every point of view adopted by an honest thinker will probably embody some aspect of the truth—an aspect which, however partial or exaggerated, yet cannot safely be neglected in the final synthesis; and this fact will be freely recognized even by those who regard that standpoint with the utmost initial prejudice. In other words, the path to truth, whether in thought or in action, lies along the line of accepting light from every quarter—even from that with which at first we have the least degree of sympathy—and in focussing these scattered rays into as real a unity as we are then able to attain.’

What is the result? The result is clear and definite guidance of God. ‘Baldly stated in black and white, this truth may seem somewhat vague and unconvincing: experienced in actual practice, its impressiveness is at times almost startling, and some of its definite results have been remarkable. For when self-assertion has once been forsaken, and through its removal men’s minds are at last made truly receptive, a very real and precious fellowship in thought is rendered possible. Mind acts freely on mind, each in its turn exploring, checking, challenging the other. The thought of each is quickened and stimulated. It rises to possibilities as yet unrealized in its moments of solitary activity. Exaggerations are corrected, deficiencies supplied, the sense of proportion duly adjusted. And in the process many earlier differences of view are found to disappear. A perceptible *rapprochement* is effected, and in the end a measure of agreement reached which at the outset would have appeared in the highest degree improbable. It is in this way that, as each individual thinker approaches nearer to a common centre, the wonderful phenomenon of *corporate thought* is experienced.’ This corporate thought is thereupon accepted as the voice of God.

There are two subjects beyond all others (except

the preaching of the gospel of the grace of God) to which we must now give ourselves. The one is the doctrine of the Future State. The other is the doctrine of God’s Providence. And of these two the doctrine of God’s Providence is the easier and the more urgent.

It is the more urgent. For the doctrine of Providence has to do with the things of this life, and even in Scripture the things of this life receive attention before the things of the life to come. And it is easier. For a true doctrine of God’s Providence can be set forth in a single sermon, but it takes many sermons and much wisdom to set forth a strengthening doctrine of the Future Life.

The Rev. W. PERRY, B.D., Principal and Pantonian Professor of the Theological College of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, has written a book on *Providence and Life* (Edinburgh: Scottish Chronicle Press; 3s. 6d. net). It is a good guide to the preacher and sufficient for all suggestive purposes. But to set forth the true doctrine of God’s Providence a single chapter in the book is sufficient—even a single incident in that chapter.

It is the incident of the healing of the epileptic boy. ‘The scene so vividly described in the pages of St. Mark has received noble artistic expression at the hands of Raphael. In his familiar picture the canvas is divided into two parts across the middle. In the upper half is represented the Transfiguration—heaven open, and the Kneeling Christ glorified in the Light of the Eternal Father. In the lower half is depicted a miniature hell on earth, a gaping crowd surrounding a poor epileptic boy who is falling into one gruesome fit after another. Our Lord is the centre of the scene above; He is absent from the scene below. It is the disciples who are in the foreground there; but they stand utterly helpless before the object of piteous misery in front of them. The picture of human impotence is complete; the call for a quick descent of Divine power is imperious.’

It is the old question, you see—so old and yet so pitifully new. Why did God not stop the War? Why did God permit it to begin? Why did He allow so many men to suffer and die, so many women to suffer and live?

Well—‘Into this scene of abject misery our Lord passes from His sojourn on the mount, and we might suppose that His first and sole concern would be to sweep out of sight this damning disproof of the goodness of God. But the instant He appears it is clear that His interest is concentrated not so much on the cure of the suffering boy as on the restoration and reinforcement of the father’s faith. The latter is unconscious till the end, that he, not the boy, is the real patient. He pours out with no stint of detail the story of his child’s symptoms. “He teareth him; and he foameth and gnasheth with his teeth and pineth away.” His mind, indeed, seems to have room for nothing but the fearful effects of the disease; for, when questioned as to its duration, he begins all over again. “Ofttimes it hath cast him into the fire and into the waters to destroy him.” Clearly, he is quite unconscious that anything is wrong with *him*.’

So were the men who fought the war for us. They were quite unconscious that there was anything wrong with *them*. They had not willed the war. * They had not begun it. They were doing their utmost possible to end it. How could they think that anything was wrong with *them*?

But this man and the men who fought were at one in this: when the trouble came they went to the highest they knew for relief. Mr. Harrington Lees tells us that in a certain factory where complicated machinery is in use, the instructions given in the workrooms are, ‘If your threads get tangled send for the foreman.’ When the war and its hideousness became inexplicable the men in the trenches (some of them at any rate) sent for God.

In the volume entitled *The Army and Religion*,

edited by Professor CAIRNS, this is quoted from one of the correspondents: ‘I was sitting at a table one night drinking coffee and listening to the men talking of the fearful experiences out of which they had just come. And one man, evidently respected by the rest, said, “I bet you that there is not a man who was in Delville Wood that night who is an atheist.” I did not say what I thought, though I confess I should have thought that Delville Wood was enough to make any man an atheist, and probably it and the like of it have darkened the lives of many. The men themselves had described it as “hell,” which surely is the denial of God, and yet, curiously enough, here was a man challenging a dozen men around him that nobody who had been in Delville Wood could doubt God. I thought that perhaps it was just the sense of gratitude that he had come out of it safely that made him say it. So I said, “Why do you say that?” He replied, “There wasn’t a man who didn’t pray that night.” “No,” said another, “we all said our prayers that night.” “Well?” I said, wanting him to go on. “Well,” he added, “when a man does pray, it makes all the difference.”’

The father of the epileptic sent for the foreman. ‘I spake unto thy disciples that they should cast it out and they were not able.’ But now, ‘If *thou* canst do anything.’

It is the ‘if’ of distrust and failure. Our Lord throws it back on the suppliant—‘If I can? If *thou* canst’—that is the condition. ‘If *thou* canst believe, all things are possible to him that “believeth.”’ And the man sees at last that in some way or other it does depend upon him. ‘Lord, I believe,’ he cries, ‘help *thou* mine unbelief.’

‘No longer,’ says Canon PERRY, ‘does he plead for mere escape from misery through Divine power. His cry now is for that spirit which will sustain him in it. He understands that his own spiritual condition is of more consequence than his relief from trial. He has reached a new view of Christ and of the working of Providence.’

He has discovered that 'Christ's first concern is not the disappointments and misfortunes of life, but the men and women who are suffering from them. God's responsibility for man is best discharged, not by taking the load from his shoulders, but by awaking and maintaining in him the faith and courage that will enable him to bear his own burden. To him that believeth all things are possible.'

CANON PERRY turns to Browning for confirmation. For 'Browning has made this aspect of human life the theme of much of his best writing. In the *Ring and the Book*, Pompilia, the child wife of Count Guido, is a mere puppet in the hands of a heartless fate, tossed from one misfortune to another, till at last she lies stabbed to death by the hand of her brutal husband. Yet in the midst of her misery she can say,—

"God for our good makes the need extreme,
Till at last He puts forth might and saves."

But He does not save, for Pompilia in the end is the victim of a foul murder. Still, "God for our good makes the need extreme," and the issue clears up the mystery; for, when Guido goes to his doom it is his dead wife's name that rises to his lips in his appeal for deliverance, and that appeal—"Pompilia, will you let them murder me?"—is also a proof that he, too, has at last found his soul.'

The greatest service yet rendered to the Church to equip her for the task to which she has been called by Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, the task of reconstructing the shattered world, and so completing the work which the army by its victory began—the greatest service, we say, yet rendered is rendered by a volume which Messrs. Macmillan have published under the title of *The Army and Religion* (6s. net).

While the war was going on—it was sometime, we think, in 1916—a committee was formed for the purpose of eliciting from the officers and men

engaged in it their attitude to Religion and the Church. A Questionnaire was prepared and widely circulated among them. 'Nearly three hundred memoranda, often of considerable length, resting on the evidence of many hundred witnesses, were thus obtained from men of all ranks, generals down to privates, chaplains, doctors, nurses, hut leaders and workers, and also from Committees appointed at the great Bases in England and France to collect evidence.' That mass of memoranda was then sifted and classified, and by means of that undaunted painstaking which is called genius this book was prepared and published.

The book has been edited, and for the most part written, by Professor David S. CAIRNS. That means something. It means that no sectional interest, either theological or ecclesiastical, will be allowed to disturb the balance of its truthfulness. And it means that it is literature.

The volume is divided into two parts. The first part contains the information regarding the religion of the army furnished by the Committee's many correspondents. The second part contains the comments and conclusions of Professor CAIRNS and his Committee upon that information. The information is quoted with admirable restraint and readableness. And it is quoted in sufficient and really final fullness. This is the first value of the book. Very many chaplains, doctors, officers of all ranks, and men of all arms, have already told us what they think of the Christianity that is professed in our land and of those who profess it. But it has been mere nibbling. Now we can say that if the mind of the British army is worth reaching it has been reached. If the beliefs or unbeliefs of those who won the war for us are to be of any service in the building of that Jerusalem in our pleasant land on which our hearts are so poignantly placed, those beliefs and also those unbeliefs are at last before us.

Here is a central sentence: 'As a whole they are religious, but not Christian.' It comes from a

Presbyterian chaplain. It refers to the men of a Scottish division. The chaplain goes on to explain: 'The men, as a rule, are not hostile to the Christian religion, but are rather indifferent. They regard it as impracticable and inefficient. Most of the men believe in God, but have only a fitful sense of their need of Him. It is His help they seek more than fellowship with Him. They do not realize as they ought their personal relationship to Jesus Christ. He appears to them rather as an historical figure than as a presence and power in their lives.'

That is not the worst of the story. It is nearly the best. From other divisions freely, and from Scottish divisions also, there comes the evidence of practical materialism, and still more of utter and almost impervious indifference. Says the editor: 'The greatly prevailing drift of the evidence is that the men as a whole take a material view of life.' And again: 'It is true that, under the present conditions, the men prevailingly appear to take a material as opposed to a spiritual view of life. In spite of all that has been said of the experiences of the Line, it would be a great misunderstanding of the situation to think of the mass of men as pre-occupied with religion. This is what has made the highly-coloured pictures of a "revival of religion at the Front" so untrue and so pernicious. If we are basing our hopes for religion in the future on the idea that the men are going to set the Churches on fire with a new zeal for religion, we shall assuredly be disappointed. There will be a new and wonderful opportunity for reaching and deeply moving these men, which the Churches may see and use, but it is highly doubtful if there will be more. For our witnesses generally testify that, to all appearances, material interests have everywhere seemed to prevail over spiritual.'

The materialism is practical. It is not theoretical. 'All our accounts go to show that theoretic materialists are very few indeed.' Moreover, the materialism is on the surface. 'In the main,' says the editor, 'one gets the impression

that there lies on the mind of the young manhood of our country a hard crust of materialism, beneath which there are great depths of idealism, of humanity, and of religion. The crust is strained and broken in great experiences. There comes to them some drastic summons to heroic sacrifice and daring, and in response to it there is an upheaval of latent spiritual power, and for the moment the commonplace, pleasure-loving man becomes a hero. He gives his life away for a spiritual end.'

It is so with the indifference also. Widespread as it is, and seemingly insurmountable, it vanishes as a cloud the moment the call comes to some great act of surrender or some high test of endurance. It is due to two almost universally prevalent and all-prevailing causes.

What are these causes? The inconsistent lives of Christian people is not one of them. Not a few of the men who went to the war went there with the belief that professing Christians were not better than others, and worse than others because of their profession. But the war destroyed that belief. The Christian officer or private was found to be all the better for his Christianity. He was as good a soldier and he was better as an officer or a comrade. What are the causes of the men's indifference to religion? Their ignorance of the Bible and misunderstanding of Christianity.

Ignorance of the Bible, that is to say, of the elementary facts and truths of religion, was found to be both widespread and abysmal. Misapprehension of the nature of Christianity was found to be almost universal and almost ineradicable. Take the latter alone.

Says this faithful reporter: 'There is no more startling fact revealed in the evidence than this, and certainly none that should more rouse the Churches to some sense of their own failures and shortcomings. What are they in the land for, except to manifest Christ to the mind and heart of

the nation? Why are they in the positions of vantage which they occupy, but for this end? If it is the definition of a saint that he is in the world to make it easier for other men to believe in God, is this not true of the Christian Church in even fuller measure? Yet after so many centuries we find this baffling ignorance. There is something here for us all to consider deeply.'

But just because it is ignorance Professor CAIRNS finds room for hope in it. For, as he says, 'there is a profound difference between ignorance and apostasy.' And 'a quarrel which rests upon a misunderstanding is much more easily healed than one which rests upon antagonism.' And he adds: 'Grave as the whole situation undoubtedly is, it would be incomparably graver were it not for the fact that at the heart of it there is this element of far-reaching misunderstanding. It is not claimed here that this is a misunderstanding of the Churches as they are. No doubt there is this also to some extent. But the point is that there is a deep and far-reaching misunderstanding of what the Christian revelation is, and an equally grave misunderstanding of the Christian life, and that this misunderstanding is one which it is the first duty of the Church to do all in its power to remove.'

How is the Church to do it? The answer is in the one word, *interpretation*. The truths of Christianity are there, and they are truths. But they need interpretation. They need such interpretation as shall make them intelligible to the minds of ordinary men. This demand runs right through the volume. Many of the officers see its necessity clearly, many of the men feel it dimly. At last the editor urges it with all the momentum of this vast mass of evidence behind him. What does he say?

'The whole life of the Church,' he says, 'depends on its fundamental faiths about God and the world and the soul, the Person and Work of Christ, the Holy Spirit, the Church, the Kingdom

of God, and the Life to come. Now it is quite clear that this teaching, in spite of all that has been done by the ministry of the Church and by the various systems of religious education followed in the schools, has never been taken home as a whole by the great masses of the manhood of the country. They have taken home parts of it, or these have been revealed to them for the first time by the experiences of the war, but they are broken fragments without unity or cohesion.

'This is in large part due to the fact that most of the men have never really understood the things that they have been taught. Where the Christian doctrines have been taught they seem to have been taught as something out of relation to their lives, which has to be believed as a duty rather than as a revelation which makes reason of the riddle of human life. It is a very frequent thing in our evidence to find the need for "interpretation" insisted on, the explanation of what Christ and His salvation really mean. This implies that Christian truth is at present taught in a foreign tongue which has been learned by rote but never understood. Hence in the great convulsion of the war it has been simply dropped, as something quite without use, and out of all relation to the urgent facts, "just as on a forced march a Bible will be left out of a kit-bag by a man who does not understand and love it," or else retained only as a mascot.

'Now, if the present divorce is really to be overcome it is absolutely vital that this should be set right. We are here dealing with something which is fundamental. The Church will have to put its very heart and soul into the work of restating the great faiths by which it lives and from which it draws all its inspiration in terms which the men can understand. The frequent demand for "interpretation" is in truth a demand for the vitalizing of theology, for the restatement of Christian doctrines in terms of life.

'This is a very different thing from abandoning these truths in order to make the Faith plausible

and easy to believe, or to take a "greatest common measure" of the working faiths of existing Churches and men as representing essential Christianity. That would be almost as fatal as to lower the standard of Christian conduct in order to make it easier for men to practise. It would be the same kind of apostasy and have the same ruinous consequences. But the great Christian verities are so great that they have many aspects. Every one of them was revealed at the first in order to meet certain practical necessities. To-day every one of them is capable of being brought home to the mind of the simplest, if we can find the true points of contact with him.'

And then come these incisive words—for God's sake let us lay them to heart: 'The hardest and deepest thinking that the Churches can put into this matter is essential. The best men will not be put off with any superficial and *ad captandum* treatment. The sooner we realize that the men want thoroughness, reality, and candour, the better will it be for all. Perfunctory teaching by men

who have never felt the cutting edge of the problem will be of no avail with the men who will really be the leaders of the generation after the war. Men who have seen their comrades dissolved by high explosives will want to know what are the reasons for believing in immortality, and what is their present state. Men who have lived in the shambles and putrefaction of the Salient and the trenches at Souchez will want to know how they can remember these things and believe in Almighty Love. They will want to know why prayer in danger gave them such intense relief, and why it seemed so often to be unanswered. They will probably give the Churches a chance again in order to see if they have anything vital and comprehensible to say. If they do not get it from professional teachers of religion, they will take their own road once more. We may be quite sure that most of them will not take their faith on mere authority, or be content with superficialities uttered by men who have never either in body or soul suffered along with them, or with them battled for faith in the wild revel of Sin and Death of these awful years.'

The Church's Message for To-day.

BY THE REVEREND ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF THE UNITED FREE CHURCH COLLEGE, GLASGOW.

THE question is being often asked, 'Have the divided branches of the Church of Christ no message which they can unite in delivering to this war-torn world?' Though they cannot agree as to the terms in which to express their Faith in Jesus Christ, and however differently they interpret their duty to Him, however imperfectly they fulfil it, they are at one in acknowledging Him as the risen and glorified Saviour, the Lord and Judge of all men. It is impossible for any who accept the authority of the New Testament to differ as to this. Some more constantly regard Him as the Prophet, others as the Great High Priest of His people; may not all at such a time as this unite to proclaim Him and to persuade the world to own Him as the King and Lord of all? It was revealed

to the Seer of Patmos that it is the divine purpose which controls and triumphs through the wars and trials of this present world that there shall be established in it 'the salvation and the power and the Kingdom of our God, and the authority of His Christ.' This may seem a pithless commonplace not worth stating because every Christian allows it. But to allow it as a fact is not to accept it as the rule of life. It is well to remind ourselves at such a time of how it is the keynote of our Lord's last command to His Church: 'All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I

have commanded you : and lo, I am with you always, even to the consummation of the age.' His possession of an authority, from which nothing in heaven or on earth is exempted, is not only the ground on which our Lord commands His Church, but on which He requires that all nations of the earth shall be taught obedience to Him. And His presence every day with His disciples is not only for their guidance and support, but that they may call on all nations to acknowledge and serve Him as a present Saviour and Lord. That inevitably raises the question : Who is this who demands that all heaven and earth shall obey Him, 'whatsoever He commands'? The control of winds and sea is as nothing compared with such lordship, for it is 'far above all rule, and authority, and power, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this age, but also in that which is to come' (Eph 1²¹).

But our Lord puts recognition of Him, as invested with that authority in heaven and on earth, as the constant duty not only of His Church but of the whole world. Every creature is to learn who He is, and to be taught to keep all His commandments.

The value of His continual presence, even the possibility of it, depends on who He is ; and to realize that we must have regard to His life in its eternal oneness. So He taught His disciples when He said, 'I came out from the Father, and am come into the world ; again I leave the world and go unto the Father,' and when in prayer to the Father he said, 'I have glorified Thee on the earth, having accomplished the work which Thou hast given me to do. And now, O Father, glorify Thou me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was.' His life must be thus regarded in its completeness if we are to know Him, and to accept His universal authority. If we consider His life lived on the earth as all His history, it becomes for us a thing of the past ; the wonder of His love vanishes if He did not become man and give His life out of love to save sinful and rebellious men ; and the power of His Gospel would cease did He not live with authority over all flesh to forgive sin and to give eternal life. His life on earth was, He said, that His disciples should know Him, and in Him should see the Father ; but what would that have profited for after generations if they could not as truly know Him for themselves? Is it conceivable that one

without all authority in heaven and on earth could be the manifestation of God to men, or the fulfiller of His loving will to them? As Dorner expresses it, 'Christ Himself applies the fruit of His work to successive races of men and the individuals composing them. He is not shut off from this world of ours, remaining at a distance, but continues without intermission in an active relation to His Church during its temporal life, intervening in every moment of time. His love and His action renew their youth in time for every individual, for we who need reconciliation have our life in time. . . . His earthly sacrifice took place indeed but once, but once for all ; for issuing from His eternal spirit it is the revelation of an undying love which proves its vitality by perpetually applying its earthly work. Thus He works out of His eternity, while living historically with His Church upon earth.'¹

It may seem superfluous to emphasize such elementary truths, but no one acquainted with the literature of our time will question the need of their re-affirmation. Apart from hostile literature there is much that is, I believe, meant to be friendly and helpful that is not so, because it ignores the life of the Son of God that was before His self-manifestation on earth, and the divine glory of His present life at the right hand of the 'Father, the Lord of heaven and earth.' We are grateful to every one who enables us more worthily to realize Christ's life on earth ; but we cannot regard Jesus Christ as but one of earth's great ones who by their deeds or teachings exercise a posthumous influence, but have no ever-present personal power or authority over their fellow-men. As Dr. Denney says in his last book, 'There is certainly no reconciliation but through the historical Christ ; there is no other Christ of whom we know anything whatever. But the historical Christ does not belong to the past. The living Spirit of God makes Him present and eternal ; and it is not from Palestine, or from the first century of the Christian era, but here and now, that His reconciling power is felt.'

In the apostolic history and epistles all authority and dominion and power are ascribed to Him—'He is Lord of all.' That is the vitalizing and sustaining truth which our Lord in His parting commission charged His Church to remember, but which, as history shows, it has been most ready to forget. Not in the first generations, to whom His

¹ *System of Christian Doctrine.*

promised presence was a living reality. He was king of their lives, with them all their days. Delitzsch notes that the 2nd Psalm is more frequently quoted in the New Testament than any other. In the early half of the second century, Aristides in his 'Apology' told the Roman Emperor that after Christ's ascension His apostles went unto all the provinces of the inhabited earth and taught His divine majesty (μεγαλωσύνη, cp. He 1⁴ and 8¹).¹ But as time passed and Christ did not return, the power of the unseen lost hold of men; and, confronted with trials from without and strife with heresies within, the Church lost its realization of His promised presence. This is very strikingly manifest in the three great creeds, which, in practically identical terms, baldly state that the Lord Jesus Christ arose from the dead, 'ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, and from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.' No doubt the living and glorified Christ was the object of the Church's worship; it sang of Him as 'reigning from the Tree.' Its *Acta Martyrum* in recording their devotion to Christ in life and their fellowship in His death added to the imperial date of their martyrdom the triumphant words *regnante Jesu Christo*. But the silence of the creeds which left an unfilled period between the Ascension and His 'Parousia'—as if He were not with His people all these days—showed the loss of the Church's earlier realization of His presence. If the explanation is offered that the Church framed her earliest creed as her witness to historic fact against Docetism, and her later creeds against the metaphysical subtleties of unbelief, that but emphasizes the evidence that for the Church Christ's presence with her in power had ceased to be *the* fact on which her very life depended. And the after history shows the inevitable effects of this silence. Some went back to Christ's earthly life when He was visibly present, and built for themselves a faith on His teaching and His work on earth—a faith of the intellect rather than of the heart, dependent not on what Christ wrought in them, but what they did of themselves as His followers—a faith which gradually assumed to itself authority to dictate the only form of a saving belief. Others, regarding the coming of Christ's kingdom as impossible until He visibly returned in glory, discharged themselves from the obligation to obey His command to

evangelize the world. To souls thus craving for a sensibly present and authoritative manifestation from heaven the Church offered itself, and was accepted to fill the place of the Unseen Lord in heaven.

To minister to the same desire the help of the artist was in the Middle Ages called in to picture Christ as He was imagined to have been seen in the days when He dwelt among men, from His birth to His Cross, and even in the bonds of death, thus to stimulate love and devotion to Him. But, as Westcott says, 'The Cross is the symbol not only of death but of triumph also. It has been indeed most disastrous for our whole view of the Gospel that a late age placed upon the Cross the Figure of the dead Christ and that we should have retained it there.' It is significant that a revolt against thus representing the Lord in weakness led to His being pictured as coming for Judgment, and peoples as fleeing before Him, and that representation again being met by representations in speech and art of His mother as intervening to avert His wrath. Faith in a Christ that died is not faith in a dead Christ; and faith in a coming Judge is not faith in any other than Him who died and lives to save, Him who is with us all the days, 'the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.' Yet through all the past of this Christian era there have been in every generation devout spirit-taught souls living in intimate fellowship with their unseen but not unknown Lord, themselves living witnesses to those around them to a living Christ.

The essential fact of the Reformation was that it brought Christ again before the view of the peoples of Europe. In our own as in other lands, men awoke, seeking to recover touch with some reality in religion. They knew they had lost God; they said that the Church had lost Him also; and while that great spiritual recovery was marred by human faults, and, because of these, suffered from divisions and decay, it retained the assurance of the supreme authority of Christ speaking to men in His word, and, by bringing men face to face with Christ as king, created in heart and conscience a very real sense of His immediate and absolute authority. The divine sovereignty of Jesus Christ was for them a reality. And with what soul-subduing reverence it filled them, what dauntless courage, what seriousness of purpose, what unconquerable freedom of conscience, what stoutness of

¹ 'Cambridge Text Studies,' vol. i. No. 1, p. 110.

heart against the world's temptations, what scorn of its lies and deceits, what triumphant superiority to the terrors of death—with what imperturbable calm it clothed them! All that you read of in ordinary histories; but the secret of it was that they were men whose eyes did see the King, the Lord of Hosts, and that by and for Him they lived.

And so the life that comes from the living Christ Himself, and from no other, is the demonstration to every age and to all nations of His supreme authority in heaven and on earth, even as He foretold when He commanded His disciples to teach all nations to keep all the things which He had commanded them; and had before promised: 'I will not leave you orphans: I am coming to you (every day). Yet a short time and the world beholdeth me no more; but ye behold me, because I am living, and ye shall be living. He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.'

Thus is He to be taught to all nations as the living and loving Lord to be loved and obeyed—not, however, as in these days one reads and hears, as one set in contrast with an Almighty God for whom men have no desire or need.

There cannot be two supreme authorities in heaven and on earth. The kingdom of heaven is not divided against itself. All authority has been given to the exalted Christ that all should be brought into subjection under Him to the glory of God the Father. In Him men find a 'leader and commander' of whose authority there can be no question, and in whose loving friendship there is surest confidence—One whose word is with power to enable them to render the obedience it commands. Let none, therefore, be too greatly concerned because many seeking a Captain of Salvation turn from the churches. The purest church cannot be to them the Christ they seek; if they surrender their hearts to Him to keep whatsoever He commands, they will not be long in joining the ranks of those who love and serve Him also. Let the churches cast away every enfeebling fear and restraining form, and proclaim joyously a triumphant and all-conquering Christ as Lord of all, and willing peoples shall gather to His power. Above all other means let them, by all their members, exhibit the saving and renewing power of Christ's

service in their lives and they will recruit their tens of thousands.

Professor Case of Chicago closes his recent informing book on *The Evolution of Christianity* with these words: 'In the last analysis Christianity owed its triumphs to the activity of loyal individuals who not only answered the call of God as they heard it in their own lives, or discerned it in the pages of history, but who learned, consciously or unconsciously, to read the divine will in the signs of the times. They were sensitive to the religious forces within their environment, and so drew inspiration from its life and responded to its needs by conserving, heightening, and supplementing current religious values. Under the guidance of these individuals the genius of the new religion is disclosed in their expanding life. If Christians to-day would be true successors of those ancient worthies, they, too, must make religion an affair of life and growth commensurate with the needs of the present generation.'

'Signs of the times' are not wanting surely in the dissatisfaction and unrest of a world conscious of its emptiness and crying for reality in religion, in the gathering of nations from all ends of the earth in recognition of the brotherhood of peoples great and small, in defence of truth and right, of humanity and freedom. It is true these include nations which do not acknowledge Christ as King; but they have acknowledged that law which He has written on their hearts, and to which He appealed.

This is not only a sign of readiness in obedience to divine ideals and a promise of better things for some league of nations—which if it is to have any real and increasing power must be based on moral authority—it is a summons to the Church to arise and go forth to all nations with the Gospel of Christ's kingly authority in heaven and on earth to teach them to keep whatsoever He has commanded, assuredly seeing that He is Himself working by His spirit within them and is drawing them to Himself.

There are signs of the times demanding of the divided churches consideration of their relation to one another as that affects their relation to the world. 'The sole Kingship of Christ,' Dorner wrote fifty years ago, 'is, first of all, the true foundation of the unity of the Church; for that unity sufficiently exists where, and so far as, all submit themselves to His leading, His will as expressed in

word and sacrament. No less is it the true foundation of the freedom of the Church, for example, in relation to the State, which has no authority over its principle.' It is impossible for the divided branches of the Church to ignore and disobey the call for unity. And as it is their duty to learn from all that goes on before their eyes under Christ's government in the world, they may surely in these days take a lesson as to the value in

spiritual as in earthly warfare of 'Unity of Command.' And herein they have the peculiar advantage that there can be no other King but Him unto whom, for His Church's sake, has been given all authority in heaven and on earth. The Church must recover the loyal reverence of her first days for the supreme authority of the ever-present Lord if she is to teach the nations to observe all that He has commanded.

Literature.

JAMES HOPE MOULTON.

JAMES HOPE MOULTON, by his Brother (Sharp; 5s. net). It is not a long biography, but it is enough. Every word is well chosen. A truly great man is made known to the world—a scholar, a gentleman, a saint.

Three personal characteristics are singled out—his humility, his moral passion, and his ministry of reconciliation. His ministry of reconciliation was exercised (1) between Scholarship and Evangelism; (2) between Churches; (3) between Religions; and (4) between Men of all Types. Then this is quoted from Professor Peake's appreciation in the *Classical Review*: 'Straight, clean, magnanimous, generous, unselfish, and free from littleness and jealousy, he was a friend and colleague in whom one could wholly trust; virile in character and of irreproachable integrity, he was womanly in his tenderness, full of sympathy for the suffering and gentleness to the weak. His ample and varied learning raised no barrier between him and the illiterate, and the ministry he delighted to render them was neither spoiled by condescension nor chilled by aloofness. He could, and sometimes did, hit hard in controversy, but never below the belt. He had, like the rest of us, his intellectual limitations. In his case it was especially his unsympathetic attitude towards philosophy, and perhaps one might add an occasional tendency to fancifulness in his treatment of history. But his range was wide, and on his own ground he was a great master.'

Most men are content to overtake one department of knowledge. Two studies supremely attracted Moulton—the Grammar of New Testa-

ment Greek and the Religion of Zoroaster. And he mastered both. For 'thoroughly' was his motto from his schooldays till his death.

We congratulate the biographer on a most readable biography. There is much about Deissmann in it, which shall be passed over. But this of Deissmann's about the first volume of the *New Testament Grammar* may be quoted: 'The notion that a grammar can only be solid if it is tedious, is altogether destroyed by these Prolegomena. One can really read Moulton; we are not stifled in the dense atmosphere of exegetical wranglings, nor drowned in a flood of quotations. Everywhere the main facts and the main problems are keenly perceived and clearly formulated.' Elsewhere the editor himself says: 'Perhaps there was nothing which astonished the outsider more than the fact that J. H. Moulton's work was always interesting and usually piquant. To adapt the famous phrase of Junius, learning and dullness have so often and so long been received for synonymous terms that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every man who makes himself interesting to the crowd is taken to be one of little learning. It was no small achievement of my brother's that he made it clear that the profoundest scholarship could be expressed in a form which was interesting and arresting.'

This was one of the services which James Hope Moulton rendered to his day and generation.

LATIN CHRISTIANITY.

It is a terrible commentary on the sectarianism of the Church that a history of *The Evolution of Latin Christianity* can be written by so able and

accomplished a Professor of Ecclesiastical History as the late Dr. James Heron of Belfast, and be throughout a story of departure from the first faith and perversion of the first principles of Christ. Professor Heron lived in an atmosphere of antagonism — antagonism to a dominant and possibly domineering Roman community. When he lectured on the history of the Church he could not get away from that atmosphere. The consequences of the selfish sectarianism of the Roman Church were under his eyes every day. It was impossible that he should speak dispassionately of 'evolution' as if it were natural. He spoke passionately. He lectured, not on the Church, but on the corruptions of the Church.

Take one paragraph. Its topic is 'Amulets and charms.'

'There was about the same time another outbreak of superstition in the widespread recourse to amulets and charms. Reference has been made already to the seamless, holy coat of Treves, which in 1845 was exhibited in that ancient city by the Roman Catholic bishop, which drew thither, it is stated, nearly two millions of pilgrims, and cured the grand-niece of the Bishop of Cologne of knee-joint disease. Carefully examined, the "holy coat" proved to be a bit of the grey woollen wrapping of a costly silk Byzantine garment. But no amulets were thought to be more effective than certain "scapulars," or pieces of woollen cloth worn on the shoulders underneath the clothes. Different orders adopted different colours. The Carmelites had a brown, the Trinitarians a white, the Theatines a blue, the Servites a black, and the Lazarites a red scapular. A tract published by episcopal authority at Münster in 1872 gave assurance that any one who wore the five scapulars would share in all the graces and indulgences that belonged to them severally. The Carmelite scapular appears to have been specially efficacious, and would have been invaluable in the present war, for it was impenetrable to bullets, impervious to daggers, stilled stormy seas, extinguished fires, made falls harmless, and healed disease. Instead of scapulars the Benedictines offered Benedict-medals, which, according to a tract of 1876, cured sickness, relieved toothache, stopped bleeding at the nose, overcame the craving for strong drink, warded off evil spirits, tamed skittish horses, cured sick cattle, and killed the blight on vines. Great miracles of healing and protection were attributed

by the Jesuits to "the holy water of St. Ignatius and St. Xavier," the sale of which was most lucrative. The blood of St. Januarius, a martyr of the time of Diocletian, liquefies three times a year at Naples, and is found a great specific and effective antidote against earthquakes. It is an inestimable boon to the clergy.'

The book is published by Messrs. James Clarke & Co. (10s. 6d. net).

A HOUSE OF LETTERS.

'*A House of Letters*: Being Excerpts from the Correspondence of Charlotte Jerminham (the Hon. Lady Bedingfield), Lady Jerminham, Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, and Others, with Matilda Betham. The Period is from 1776 to 1850, and many of the quieter, yet attractive Aspects of English Life, as it then was, are apparent in this "House"—Edited by Ernest Betham' (Jarrolds; 5s. net). That is the whole title of a curious book which makes its appeal at first only to the curious in heart, but afterwards to the lover of good women even when gossipy. The letters from the Honourable Lady Bedingfield are very many and very gossipy. What we look for with disappointment is the letters of Matilda Betham in reply, for surely they were the flower of the gossipy letters of the day. How otherwise would all these women speak so enthusiastically of them and long so passionately for the next of their number?

But the book makes its appeal also to the lover of literature and great authors. For letters are here from Coleridge, from Charles Lamb, from Mary Lamb, and from Southey. Southey gives advice. Thus: 'Very glad should I be if I could point out to you any profitable employment in literature; but they who know most of such things best know how exceeding difficult this is. Nothing is so likely to succeed as a dramatic attempt, and I should think it very possible you might adapt some of our old plays to the stage. Of these the emolument would be considerable. Next to this the most promising attempt would be to versify some popular tale; better still, to manufacture one with a melodrama or grand spectacle for the stage.'

Then there are vivid descriptions of public events. Most vivid of all is the account of the riots in Derby and its neighbourhood in 1831, when the Reform Bill was thrown out. There is

also much information about the Bethams, with portraits of some of them.

REDEMPTION.

A volume with the title of *Redemption: Hindu and Christian* has been added to the series entitled 'The Religious Quest of India' which is edited by Dr. J. N. Farquhar and Dr. H. D. Griswold (Milford; 10s. 6d. net). The author is the Rev. Sydney Cave, D.D. The series to which it belongs has now gone so far, and every volume has been so rigorously edited, that a new volume can be taken on trust. If it were not excellent it would not be there. And since the format—the whole literary 'get-up'—of the volumes reveals the Oxford University Press at its best, a new volume found lying on the table is one of the exquisite pleasures of life.

The writers write for India. The enterprise is a great effort, the idea of a consecrated and masterly mind, to offer the Gospel of the Grace of God to the educated Hindu, not in the spoken words of a missionary, which he may hear and he may not, but in modern English literature, such literature as it is his pride to be conversant with. It is possible that the editors may never see the fruit of their labours, but their labours will bear fruit in time, and, we firmly believe, abundantly.

Dr. Cave's subject is Karma. And Karma is great enough to be the subject of such a volume as this. He prepares for it, first by a discussion of the possibility of an absolute religion and the right of Christianity to the name, then by a sufficiently thorough and restfully reliable description of Hinduism, as it is found in its literature. The second part of the book is occupied with a direct and detailed contrast between Hinduism and Christianity as religions of redemption.

Like the other books of the series, this book is written for India, but to the student of religion—to the lover of the Lord everywhere—it is a great delight. Here, for example, is a word on Karma that is also a word of encouragement to the Christian evangelist: 'To the doctrine of *karma* may be not unjustly assigned the static nature of Indian society. When Christian missionaries began their work among the outcastes, they were told their work would be in vain; the ignorance, degradation, and semi-servitude of those for whom they laboured were the inevitable and inexpugnable results of

past sins done in previous lives. Experience teaches; and the Hindu view has been found false in fact. The large, and long-established, Christian communities of South India have revealed how effectively Christian education can break the power of an evil past. Thus very many of the Shānar Christians have shown themselves well able in intellectual ability to compete with the privileged Hindus of the highest castes, and even among the Pariah Christians there are increasingly those of Christian character, education, and refinement. Defective environment provides a more adequate explanation for the degradation of the outcaste than does the law of *karma*, and experience shows how greatly spiritual forces working in an improved environment can change men even in their present life. Through the success of Christian missions and in emulation of them, Hindus have begun to realize their responsibility for those whom they formerly regarded as outside the pale of sympathy and help.'

PSYCHOLOGY IN THE PULPIT.

Psychology is not a new discovery. Our fathers, in the pulpit and out of it, did take some account of the personality of those with whom they had to do. They knew that there was emotion in men, and will, and even intellect. The great preachers went so far as to adapt their message to the comprehension though not to the convenience of their hearers.

But it is quite true that psychology was not taught to the preacher. If not in the pulpit, it is a discovery in the classroom. And Dr. Charles S. Gardner, Professor of Homiletics and Sociology (observe the combination) in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, is the first to write a systematic book on *Psychology and Preaching* (Macmillan; \$2 net).

The subject is coming. Into the theological classroom it is coming. Perhaps we shall one day hear that august apartment called the theological and psychological classroom. For in the future it is quite certain that the study of man will find a place in the training of the preacher beside the study of God. It is quite certain that the one study will be counted as important for the preacher as the other.

So there is a fine opportunity for Professor Gardner's book. It is a pioneer's product. But

it will open the way to a more scientific and better method of teaching men how to persuade other men.

THE MINISTRY OF WOMEN.

The Committee appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury has now issued a Report on *The Ministry of Women* (S.P.C.K.; 12s. 6d. net). It is a large volume, for it contains not only a history of this ministry from Apostolic times till now (which is the Report), but also sixteen appendixes, which are separate articles written by special students of particular periods or points, and fifteen colotype illustrations.

The Report is purely historical. The Appendixes also are nearly confined to history. Once or twice the authors venture on interpretation or even prophecy. But the time is evidently not considered ripe for legislation on the subject or even for proposals toward legislation—at least so far as the Church of England is concerned.

A knotty problem was assigned to Miss Alice Gardner, the only woman whose name appears on the Committee. It is the explanation and adaptation of St. Paul's words on women. How does she meet the difficulty of the Apostle's command to women to keep silence and remain veiled?

'The whole passage,' she says, 'teems with difficulties; the argument seems irrelevant, and reminds one of the many times in which the inferiority of the female mind or the female character has been thrust in our teeth as an argument against any step towards female improvement or scope for exercise of such faculties as we have. The reference to "nature" is also familiar to us, and it is strange to see that "nature," probably moulded by the accompanying determinate custom," dictated to later Jews a diametrically opposite practice, since at the present day, in acts of domestic worship, women stand bare-headed while men put on their hats; and surely it is very much like a bull to say in the same letter that a woman may not "prophesy," and that when she does so, it must be with head veiled. Of course, here is the possible hypothesis that St. Paul would let her teach—veiled—in private, but I think the connexion shows that he is thinking of public assemblies. However, one does not like, in trying to understand so great a mind as that of St. Paul,

to be over-critical as to consistency. We know that he generally dictated his letters, and this fact seems to account for some of his involved sentences and for an occasional want of sequence, or oblivion of what has been said before. I should imagine the case to have been thus: Greek cities were, we know, liable to tumult and disorder in the popular assemblies, and Corinth was probably as bad as any other. The Christians had changed their former standard of conduct—though even there individuals were apt to lapse—they had not suddenly changed their manners, and their meetings were not patterns of decorum. Occasionally two or three would speak at once. Some would indulge in ecstatic sounds that nobody could understand. Others, in partaking of the love-feast, would drink to intoxication. And some women would throw aside the veil, worn by every reputable Greek lady on serious occasions, and, losing self-control, rave around, and with their shrill voices shriek the others down. Some one told St. Paul, and he determined to go to the root of the mischief: "These women must be kept down; they are forgetting their proper place. If they speak at all, let them at least be decently veiled." Then, after an interval: "You want to know my rules for women: I say they have no business to speak at all; they make the confusion worse." Yet he might not have intended, in cold blood, to stop the speaking of respectable and capable women altogether. Surely if Priscilla were there, with some strange new light on the relation of the Old Dispensation to the New, or Phoebe, on her return from Rome, with wonderful experiences to tell, would it not be to "quench the Spirit" and to "despise prophesyings" if one refused them a hearing? And women of their calibre would not be likely to set at naught the rules of propriety. I am not quite sure whether St. Paul would really allow us to interpret his meaning as: "Don't let women speak unless they have really got something to say, and in that case let them clothe and behave themselves with a view to ordinarily accepted decency." Certainly the later interpretation of his view is harsher than this, but I am not sure that it is more exact.'

SCOTTISH HISTORY.

Scottish History is best read in snippets. Or, if you think the word contemptuous, say 'in short

measures' after Ben Jonson. For the incidents which make up the History of Scotland—it is all made up of incidents—are truly not contemptible. There are a few of them, like the Raid of Ellem, that are of a humorous insignificance. But from contempt they are rescued one and all by the chivalry that prompted them. What was Flodden Field but a deed of chivalry? And Scottish History is full of such deeds—many of them, alas! fatal and lamentable.

That is why no one can read a History of Scotland. You have tried Fraser Tytler. You have tried Hill Burton. You have tried Andrew Lang. You have tried Hume Brown. One man we know did get through Hume Brown's three volumes, but he laid the last volume down both in sorrow and in anger. The way to read the History of Scotland is to read books like those which Louis A. Barbé writes, and especially the book he has most recently written: *Sidelights on the History, Industries, and Social Life of Scotland* (Blackie; 10s. 6d. net).

You certainly will not weary of it. It is half biographical and half industrial, but it is all entertaining. Read 'Food Control in Olden Times,' and be both entertained and made thankful. Read 'The White Rose of Gordon,' and discover the romantic in the character of that mean mortal called Henry VII. Read any chapter you please, and be pleased beyond expectation.

TELEPATHY.

Messrs. George Bell & Sons have published a volume by Frances Swiney to which the author has given the title of *The Ancient Road, or the Development of the Soul* (12s. 6d. net). It is a large book closely printed, and it is not to be read at a gallop. If there is in it that which the author believes to be in it—a new statement on scientific and verifiable lines of the nature and destiny of the soul of man—then it will be worth one's while to spend a winter month over it. Less than that will scarcely do.

This quotation will give some idea of the wealth of its contents and the vigour of its style, and with that we shall at present be content:

'We will now pass on to the various latent powers of the mind waiting to be awakened, stimulated, and developed for new spheres of usefulness. The super-sense of telepathy is now

recognized scientifically; but from the earliest records of mankind there have been traditions of its existence, and we now know the old races, the primitive peoples, exercised it to a degree hardly conceivable to our dulled Western senses. The bazaar reports of India and Africa, which to the amazement of Europeans give accounts of events long before any known method of communication could have been utilized, originate in telepathic transmission of thought waves to certain persons capable of receiving them, and they in turn make the knowledge obtained known, if advisable, to the crowd. A case in point. When Lord Mayo was murdered in the Andaman Islands the crime was known in the Madras and Calcutta bazaars hours before the first telegrams arrived giving the official report. Again, when the first telegraph station was opened with much *éclat* in India at the native town of False Point, and the first telegraphic message was received from Calcutta, to which the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province sent a reply to the Viceroy, the answer of a native Rajah to the query, if he did not consider the invention of telegraphy marvellous, was another question—"Why use wires? We, in India, do without them." Our modern methods appeared clumsy, slow, and inefficient to this child of nature, whose ancestors, through untold ages, had developed nature's unseen forces. Telepathy is a power of the soul, a mental telegraphy of incalculable importance in the future. It is potent with immense good in the psychic advancement of mankind. For—given that it is a pure mental activity, independent of sight, sound, or touch, and not limited by space—we have in telepathy a force transcending and not subject to the three-dimensional plane. Thought is thus free of physical limitations, and is the tool with which the soul can work on the spiritual plane. It is, in fact, soul intercommunication through the medium of the universal mind-substance. It is thought-energy above light, heat, and sound vibrations. Telepathy gives us the key to the unspoken word, to the direct impact between the higher inspirational power and the mortal mind capable of receiving the divine message. The prophet spoke as he was moved by the Holy Spirit, by the Divine Mind in the etheric undulations of the infinite. When one considers that every brain-cell is in constant movement, and every thought, of the most ordinary kind, accelerates that movement by discharge of energy

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it becomes only a question of will-power how far and upon what subject that thought shall be directed and become actually objective to a receptive mind. This thought-force can be developed consciously. It should not be left to 'odd chances and unpremeditated coincidences; but it must be trained and guided, so that intercommunication may be rendered possible between kindred minds independent of physical or mechanical means, and quite irrespective of intermediate distance. We can thus realize how thoughts of love, consolation, help, encouragement, could encircle the globe. How those dearest and nearest, though separated by continents and oceans, may yet be brought within hail, so to speak, and spirit hold communion with spirit.

"Star to star vibrates light; may soul to soul
Strike through some finer element of her own?"

CHARLES WESLEY.

It is a curious experience when one takes up a book without expectation and finds oneself caught by it. One reads on and on, always intending to lay it down, but never able to break the spell. One feels that the time might have been spent more profitably on things which were less familiar, but profit has had to give way before pleasure.

This has been our experience with a study of *Charles Wesley* by D. M. Jones (Skeffingtons; 7s. 6d. net). Whether it is the universal fascination of the soul of man in its struggle with circumstance, or simply the special quality of this author's literary ability, certain it is that the story of Charles Wesley's life as it is told in this book has completely captured our attention, and given us one long evening's undisturbed enjoyment.

Is it a common experience or only a personal peculiarity, that the life of Charles Wesley is more intimately interesting than the life of his brother? Why is it so to anyone? To answer that John was 'too great and good for human nature's daily food' is to talk nonsense. For the best of all is the most delightful. Is it that the 'principalities and powers' which St. Paul says that we have to wrestle with were more numerous and the issue of the long wrestling more uncertain in the life of Charles? Or is it simply that John's character had the simplicity of the heroic, while the career

of Charles had the perplexity and the unexpectedness of the artistic?

THE REDEMPTION OF RELIGION.

Mr. Charles Gardner loves an enigmatic title. His book on Blake (the revelation of Blake to some men) he called *Vision and Vesture*. His estimate of Christianity he calls *The Redemption of Religion* (Longmans; 7s. 6d. net). He has written the book to tell the world what it may still believe about Christ and Christianity after all that has been done by the criticism of the last thirty years.

Now it will not be denied that the value of such a work will depend on its author's attitude to Christ. What does Mr. Gardner think of Him?

He thinks Him a man and no more than a man. A fallible man, to boot. 'We may be thankful that for many the infallible Church and infallible Book have passed, but there remains another which Christians are naturally loath to touch—the infallibility of Christ. That too must go. Yet in denying infallibility to Christ there is no implicit denial of His moral perfection or the perfection of His spiritual vision. Moral perfection transcends mechanical infallibility, and spiritual vision that would express itself is necessarily limited by the time-vesture with which it clothes itself. "He grew in wisdom." Let us frankly recognize this fact. Our love cannot be shaken, and when our worship is purged of fetichism, we shall see Him as He is, and that vision will ensure the oneness of our freedom, our worship, and our love.'

The words of Christ are not to be accepted because they are the words of Christ. 'The utterances of the loftiest prophet—even of Jesus Himself, be it said with all reverence—are to be retained as the word of God only when they withstand the searching test of history and many centuries of human experience.'

Yet He could work miracles. Even the miracle at Gadara (as the place is called) is taken to be actual. But 'there are two orders of miracle. The deeds of man's will, when completely freed, are miraculous, like the mighty works of Jesus; and the breaking of the transcendental world into the natural world involves miracles like the Virgin birth of Jesus, for it is the assertion of God's free will.'

Jesus could work miracles, then. But He was still only human, and when He died it was as a disappointed and deserted man. 'At three o'clock the soul of Jesus sank into a horror of great darkness. His faith in His Messianic calling, always difficult, had been helped by the faith of His disciples. Now they had forsaken Him, and He was left alone against the world, which was casting His claim in His teeth with scornful unbelief. What if they were right and He was wrong? What if His ministry from the beginning was the outcome of complete illusion, and this was the end of His ghastly failure? Tortured in body, He could not disentangle the illusory element in His message, and, sinking into darkness, He cried with a loud voice: My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?'

Yet Jesus rose again from the dead. How? Not as the Church has believed, still less as the rationalist has believed. 'There is a present inward resurrection which involves a future outward one. Jesus Himself was conscious of living in the power of the present inward resurrection, and therefore, believing that the Kingdom was on the eve of its manifestation, He could say confidently to His disciples that if He was rejected and put to death, He should certainly rise again in the coming Kingdom. His repeated assertion of His immediate Resurrection afterwards crystallized into the still more definite assertion that He rose again the third day.'

Here then is an author who comes to a study of the Gospels certainly without any theological prepossession, with a determination rather that dogma shall have no dominion over him, and what does he find? He finds that in all essential things the interpretation of the Church is the right interpretation. For with the utmost effort to discover only a human Christ he is compelled to acknowledge that the Gospels offer us words and works and a personality beyond the attainment and beyond the reach of any mere man. It is a most significant fact.

Will any one ever come again with so fresh a book on the prophets as Riehm? Perhaps no one. At least to us of our day it does not seem possible that again such a revolution can take place in the study of prophecy as that which was brought about by the change of the prophet from foreteller

to forthteller, simple and inevitable as it now appears. But, as the Dean of Westminster said in his article 'Thirty Years Ago,' there is much to be done yet in the way of making public and popular that knowledge of the Old Testament which scholars have made ours. And Mr. John Godfrey Hill, Professor of Religious Education in the University of Southern California, for one, has accepted the high vocation. His book on *The Prophets in the Light of To-day* (Abingdon Press; \$1.25) is written with the authority of an expert and yet with all the abandon of a popular preacher. To the Sunday School teacher the reading of this book will be as the opening of the eyes upon a new and glorious world where God is.

How seriously, how scientifically, is the teaching of religion taken in America. In Northwestern University there is a Professor of Religious Education, by name George Herbert Betts. Professor Betts has written a book—a large, full, systematic book—on *How to Teach Religion* (Abingdon Press; \$1 net). It is nothing short of a revelation. It is nothing short of a revolution. Where is the Sunday School teacher with his 'Notes' and 'Anecdotes,' and without even a Dictionary of the Bible to keep him right? He and Professor Betts belong (or ought to belong) to different centuries.

Take the matter of *attitudes*. Where is the Sunday School teacher who ever troubled his head about attitudes? Yet to Professor Betts the creation of an immediate set of attitudes to the school and its work, and then of a far-reaching set of attitudes for the future life of the pupil, is a matter of supreme importance. He gives himself to it with the ardour of a great artist. With him the chief business is not getting the child into the school but getting him out of it. Does he leave with an interest in the Bible; with a right conception of God? Is his attitude to religion a sympathetic attitude? His whole future life will depend upon it.

And further: "Are my pupils developing a growing interest in religion? Do they increasingly find it attractive and inspiring, or is religion to them chiefly a set of restraints and prohibitions? Do they look upon religion as a means to a happier and fuller life, or as a limitation and check upon life? Is religion being revealed to them as the pearl of great price, or does it possess but little value in their standard of what is worth while?"

These questions are of supreme significance, for in their right answers are the very issues of spiritual life for those we teach.'

We hear much of Memorials of the War. Messrs. George Allen & Unwin have published a volume which every man and woman who has any interest in memorials should obtain, recognizing in it a more useful and lasting memorial than any of brass or stone. It is a collection of *Documents and Statements relating to Peace Proposals and War Aims (December 1916–November 1918)*. It is issued with an Introduction written by Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson (8s. 6d. net).

The first document is Bethmann-Hollweg's Peace Note of December 12, 1916. That is followed by the German Note to the Pope of the same date. It ends with President Wilson's Note to Germany of November 5, 1918. All the foreign documents have been translated into English.

Truth is a fine courageous title for a book. Sir Charles Walston has chosen it (Cambridge: at the University Press; 5s. net). Does it remind you of Mr. Labouchere? Well, let it do so. This man also has the desire to know the truth and to make it known, and he has the determination.

We are as a nation far from the truth at present. But some are farther than others. And Sir Charles Walston criticizes most severely the Politician, the Millionaire, and the Professional Journalist, because they tell most lies and most successfully. The millionaire, poor man, has much to answer for, even if he is nothing but a millionaire. But when the millionaire is also a professional journalist, for him assuredly the 'worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.' For this is to Sir Charles Walston the unpardonable sin—to have the opportunity of using wealth for the suppression of the truth and to use it without ruth or repentance.

To a volume of short essays Mr. Gilbert Thomas has given the title of *Things Big and Little* (Chapman & Hall; 5s. net). And he does so no doubt to warn us that his big things may be our little things and his little things our big. For there is no standard of size as there is of holiness. Would you call Prayer a big thing? Somewhat unexpectedly there is 'A Word on Prayer' in the

book. It falls between the chapter 'On a Certain Newspaper' and the chapter called 'A Holiday Reflection.' First there is a reference to the *Daily News* correspondence of some years ago, from which 'one gained the impression that Prayer was merely a sort of telegraphic communication between ourselves and a God Who sat somewhere in the clouds, holding in His hands a thousand wires, and ready at our request to bestow upon us those things which we desired for our greater physical security and happiness. Heaven was, apparently, a glorified General Stores.' Then there is a recommendation of George Meredith as an authority on Prayer. 'George Meredith, while by common consent among the greatest and best of men, did not conform to many of the general acceptances of the Christian faith. Yet it is, possibly, to him that we may look for some of the truest and noblest utterances upon the subject of Prayer. "Prayer," said he, "for material things is worse than useless; prayer for strength of soul alone avails." And again: "Prayer is that passion of soul which catches the gift it seeks." These, quoted from memory, may not be the exact words, but they are substantially correct; and, though we may resent the dogmatism of the first clause, and prefer to keep for ourselves an open mind as to whether petitions for material things are ever directly answered, it does seem to me that Meredith raises the whole conception of Prayer into a higher, fuller and rarer atmosphere.'

Who is the most popular preacher in London now? If the ninety-fifth volume of *The Christian World Pulpit* (James Clarke & Co.; 6s. net) is to be accepted in evidence, it is Dr. Fort Newton of the City Temple. But perhaps the editor does not mean to settle the question, and has chosen nine sermons by Dr. Newton to one by Dr. Jowett for other reasons. There are four fine sermons by the Rev. T. F. Harkness Graham, B.D., of Laurieston Parish Church, Glasgow, and there are four by the Dean of St. Paul's. One of Dean Inge's sermons is on Immortality. His great argument is that 'the spiritual life revealed to us by Christ has the quality of everlastingness. We feel that it is so just so far as we enter into it. The joy that it gives is the joy that no man can take from us. The love of Christ is a love from which neither death, nor life, nor any created thing can separate us. Jesus Christ is the Resurrection and

the Life. Those who have been baptized into His Spirit have found in Him the bread of life and the water of life, the secret nourishment which, in the favourite metaphor of the Greek Fathers, is the denizen of immortality, the food of the everlasting life. Since the incarnation of the Son of God it is impossible for us to think so meanly of human life as to believe that in this life only we have our hopes.'

Messrs. Constable have published a new translation of Jacob Böhme's *Six Theosophic Points* (10s. 6d. net). The translation has been made by Mr. John Rolleston Earle, M.A. It has been made with some skill as well as loyalty. For the very atmosphere of the original is retained, although the language is modern English. Mr. Earle has neither reproduced the German idiom with slovenly literalness, nor has he sought the semblance of antiquity by using the language of the Authorized Version. This is Böhme as nearly and as acceptably as he is likely to be offered to the present generation.

Mr. Earle has translated not only the 'Six Theosophic Points,' but also the 'Six Mystical Points,' the work 'On the Earthly and Heavenly Mystery,' and the work 'On the Divine Intuition.' They are all comprehended in this volume.

'The Watchwords of Methodism' (Epworth Press)—this is the very latest 'series.' It is a series of small books, published at two or three pence each, setting forth the ideals for which Methodists live. Dr. J. Scott Lidgett writes on *The Kingdom of God*, Dr. H. Maldwyn Hughes on *The Meaning of the Atonement*, the Rev. R. Winboul Harding, B.D., on *Fellowship*, and the Rev. H. Bisseker, M.A., on *Discipleship*.

Look for a moment at the last. The marks of Discipleship are Love, Self-renunciation, Fruitfulness, and Courage. Why not Meekness? Because Meekness is included in courage, its very finest flower. It takes more courage to hold one's hand than to strike. There were no meeker men than the first disciples, yet the priests and rulers 'beheld the boldness of Peter and John.'

One of the men who have really thought out the question of housing and have brought to it a mind in touch with Christ, is Mr. Will Reason, M.A. His *Homes and Housing* (Memorial Hall; 1s. net)

is the last authoritative and wholesome word on the subject.

The Editor of the 'Christian Revolution' Series, whoever he may be, has chosen his authors well. The first volume was reviewed recently. The second is *The Open Light* (Headley; 4s. 6d. net). It is further described as an Enquiry into Faith and Reality. The author is the Rev. Nathaniel Micklem, M.A., Tutor and Chaplain at Mansfield College, Oxford.

It is a volume of apologetic. If that looks like the faint praise which damns, it looks like what it is not. For a book of apologetic—scholarly, temperate, sympathetic, loyal, as this is—stands first of all our mental necessities now, and deserves our most sincere gratitude. Mr. Micklem reminds us constantly of Professor Cairns. And that is not faint praise. Yet there is no slightest suspicion of unoriginality. He, too, finds the Universe explicable on the Christian theory and not otherwise; and he, too, finds it so out of his own experience.

The Rev. W. A. C. Allen has already learned much, but he has yet to learn the use of the paragraph. His paragraphs are chapters. One of them, near the beginning of the book, runs on till it has covered almost eight pages.

The book itself is good. It is a study in the personality of the *Old Testament Prophets* (Cambridge: Heffer; 6s. net). Mr. Allen secures our confidence by his introduction, in which he tells us how first the prophet then the priest gain their place and power. 'Experiences are common to all; the wish to interpret these experiences is likewise common; but the power to find a satisfactory interpretation is rare. Therefore when there appears a man who possesses a deeper feeling, a keener insight, a clearer power of expression than his fellows, such a man is able to supply the explanation after which others have felt themselves to be groping. Those who listen to his words feel that their darkness is being removed: he is hailed as a seer, a man of genius, a prophet: his teaching becomes authoritative. When once the teaching of such a man has become widely accepted amongst any people, the religion of that people is given a stamp which it will never lose altogether.'

The chapters on Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel are able and arresting. Jeremiah has captured the

heart of this expositor as of so many expositors before him.

The Nazareth Programme for the Life. Worth Living (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net) is a strong title for a strong book. The anonymous author of the book, who calls himself Marcus Warrenner, takes a practical spiritual attitude to Christ and the religion of Christ. And he can make his appeal to the modern mind by all the arts of rhetoric and printing. Why he chooses the special form of letters to imaginary correspondents (in this case a son and a daughter) is a puzzle, for it is the most unattractive form in which literature ever has been or could be presented. His ability is seen in overcoming its defects and our prejudice against it.

What does he write about? Many things. One chapter on Good News is thus divided—That God speaks—that Faith accepts the News—that Hope lives by the Good News—that God rules—that you are to despair of no man, not even of yourself.

Under the title of *Animism*, Mr. George William Gilmore has published a book in which he describes (fully enough for all but the special student of folklore, and authoritatively enough for everybody) the beliefs of primitive peoples about the soul of man (Boston: Marshall Jones Company; \$1.75 net). And the beliefs of primitive peoples about the soul cover nearly all the religious beliefs they have, so that the book is in deed and in truth an introduction to the comparative study of Religion.

One of the shortest and most enjoyable chapters is that on the 'Descensus Averni.' It inevitably makes us think of that somewhat tottering clause in the Creed, 'He descended into Hell.' But whatever your attitude to that clause may be you cannot now say that its insertion was due to non-Christian influences. That has been said by Büchel, and Pfeleiderer, and Bousset, and even Percy Gardner. But it is finally disproved by Loofs in his article in the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*. Mr. Gilmore tells us briefly and clearly what the non-Christian beliefs were, but he does not even hint that they influenced those early Christian theologians who inserted the Descensus into the Creed.

'*A Last Diary of the Great Warr*, by Sam^l Pepys, Jun^r, sometime of Magdalene College, in

Cambridge, and of His Majesty's Navy Office, Esquire, M.A.' (Lane; 6s. net). Such is the title page. It has to be quoted in full. For the modern Pepys is an historian, as accurately describing the political and social life of his time as the ancient Pepys did, and he deserves all the consideration due to his great office. Of course it is fooling, and excellent fooling too. Listen to this delightful mixture of big and little—all equally important to the great Sam^l, jun^r:

'My new boots come home, I walk to try them so far as Hide Park Corner; with great satisfaction, finding them easy, and the cloth uppers spruce, but quiet. The news out of France all in the highest degree of fierce battles by north and south. Of which the best is Villers-Bretonneux most valiantly and cleverly reconquered by Australians and English soldiers, with 700 prisoners made. So the enemy gotten no nearer to Amiens, albeit, towards the hills by Ypres, do press us hardly, and by the last account of it gets upon the hill of Kemmel. My boots shifted, I to the club, where our committee sitting upon our accòmpts: the 3rd time of our adjourning the matter these 6 weeks, and all my endeavour is to have them lessen our debt owed to the banque; but, to my infinite mortification, naught done but to talk of it. So this day I move the charges of jam rolly-poley to be 8^d. in lieu of 6^d., and night-lights put in the smoaking room, with spills of paper to them in lieu of matches, as in other clubs. Which resolved, to my great content.'

A volume of devotional articles by the Rev. H. H. Montgomery, D.D., D.C.L., which were first of all published in the *S.P.G. Mission Field*, has been published by Messrs. Longmans under the title of *Musings on Faith and Practice* (3s. 6d. net). The 'musings' rest always on a text of Scripture, but they are not sermons. The sincerity of thought is accompanied by considerable expressiveness of language.

The study of biology is not so popular at present with the preacher as is the study of psychology, but it is quite as interesting and probably quite as useful. An authoritative contribution is a volume of *Lectures on Sex and Heredity*, delivered in Glasgow, 1917-18, by Dr. F. O. Bower, Dr. J. Graham Kerr, and Dr. W. E. Agar (Macmillan; 5s. net).

A valuable little book on the great Versions of the Bible has been written by the Rev. A. H. Finn and published by Messrs. Marshall Brothers under the title of *The Starting Place of Truth* (2s. 6d. net). It contains all that the reader of the Bible need wish to know about its early versions, and all that it contains is scholarly and reliable.

Things that Count (Marshall Brothers; 5s. net) is a volume of addresses and papers by the late Robinson Souttar, D.C.L., at one time M.P. for Dumfriesshire. Every address and every paper is intensely evangelical, the passionate pleading of an ambassador for Christ: 'Be ye reconciled to God.' And if for a moment the wicked thought has entered your heart that in that case you know all about it and there is nothing in it, dismiss the thought at once. The book is full of life; it is literature. Breadth and length and depth and height belong to it—all the dimensions of the richly furnished City of God. It is literature and it is art, but the art is not once in it for its own sake.

Portions of two poems are quoted. Where do they come from? One is—

Who knocks so low?—'A little lonely sin.'—
'Slip through' we answer, and all Hell is in.

The other is—

Ah, brother, draw not near
Unto that mouth of fear,
Lest a light tongue run out and lick thee up:
But if, at God's command,
They bind thee foot and hand,
And fling thee where its serpents hiss and twine,
Thou shalt go safe and free;
Yea, Heaven shall walk with thee,
And recreate thee in the fount divine.

A short memoir of the life of the Rev. Evan H. Hopkins, so long associated with the Keswick Convention, and editor of *The Life of Faith*, has been published by Messrs. Morgan & Scott under the title of *A Standard Bearer of Faith and Holiness* (1s. 3d. net). It contains Reminiscences by Dr. Eugene Stock, the Rev. W. Y. Fullerton, Dr. Smellie, and the Rev. J. J. Luce.

Mr. Walter Scott agrees with the Bishop of Durham that the Second Coming of our Lord is at hand. He writes *Prophetic Scenes and Coming*

Glories (Morgan & Scott; 2s. 6d. net) both to prove it and to prepare for it.

Messrs. Morgan & Scott have published a volume of Lent addresses under the title of *Failure and Recovery* (2s. 6d. net). They are far above the reach of the average Lenten preacher; they have thought in them, apt illustration, and originality of Scripture interpretation. Their author is the Rev. Harrington C. Lees, M.A.

It is a study of Apostolic character. One of the Apostles has no recorded failure in his life. Who is he? Andrew. And why? Because he brought every difficulty to Jesus. 'I have read of a certain factory with complicated machinery for textile goods, where the instructions that are given in the workrooms are, "If your threads get tangled send for the foreman." One of the workers, a diligent and busy woman, got her threads tangled, and she tried to disentangle them, but only made them worse. After that she sent for the foreman. He came and looked, and then turned to her and said, "You have been doing this yourself." She said, "Yes." "Why did you not send for me, according to instructions?" he asked. And she, rather sullenly, said, "I did my best." And with that tact which a real leader should possess, he said quietly, "Remember that *doing your best is sending for me.*"'

Dr. Robert William Mackenna, the author of *The Adventure of Death* and *The Adventure of Life* has now written a book to which he gives the title of *Through a Tent Door* (Murray; 8s. net). He writes easily. He writes well. There are no slips in grammar. There is no massacre of those innocents the sentence and the paragraph. And he has something to write about.

It is the war. But it is the war as he himself saw it, as he saw it through a tent door. The first chapter, on the Door, is delightful. 'Once on an autumn night I saw a spectacle of unutterable beauty and bewildering surprise. All day long the air had been still and oppressive, so that men could hardly breathe. But, as the sun went down, the far horizon was lit by a flickering light, which flashed and disappeared, and danced and disappeared, and trembled and disappeared, and came and went again. And now and then the light endured for a longer period, when it seemed as though a window had been opened in heaven

that the eye of God might look upon the world. But when night came, with her flock of stars, the strange phenomenon changed. The elusive lilac light still trembled through the sky, but, nearer at hand among the pine-trees where our tents are pitched, little flashes of lambent flame seemed to rise from the ground and leap impetuously into a larger galaxy of light let down from the heavens to meet them. I know that it was all nothing more than an electrical storm, in whose vortex we chanced to be caught; but those eager flashes from the earth gathered into the white arms of light that bent to meet them from the skies, turned our thoughts from the material to the spiritual, and from scientific fact to sublime aspiration. "Behold, I show you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed."

Later there is a description of a trench raid. It is almost as vivid; it is perhaps more engrossing. But the book will be read.

A special and prolonged study of the diseases of Palestine has been made by E. W. G. Masterman, M.D., F.R.C.S., D.P.H. Dr. Masterman has now published a book on the subject through the Palestine Exploration Fund. Its title is *Hygiene and Disease in Palestine in Modern and in Biblical Times* (2s. 6d. net). It is the work of an accurate scientific medical practitioner as well as acute observer. And, numerous as are the passages of Scripture it throws light upon, not one of them is touched without real illumination. Here is a modern matter: 'The question may well be asked at the present time how far has Palestine a climate suitable for Europeans wishing to make permanent homes there? At present malaria and other diseases are recurring scourges which greatly increase the danger and discomfort of those who would live there. But supposing these can be in places banished and in others mitigated, what is likely to be the effect on the European and his family who make the land their home? My impression is that in the higher mountain regions many Europeans may with care live comfortably, if they learn to restrain their energies, especially in the hot months, and their children can, with special precautions, be reared in health.'

What is not known about the training of little children to Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson, Sc.D., is not yet discovered. Her new book, *Bridget's Fairies*

(R.T.S.; 4s. 6d. net), is all that the most imaginative child could desire: to revel in, but it is a strictly scientific book. Its aim is education—education through the joy that the imagination brings. The illustrations in colour printing by Charles Robinson are appropriate.

The Rev. Stuart Robertson, M.A., is a preacher to children unsurpassed and perhaps unequalled. He does actually preach to the children. He strikes the right note every time, and he strikes it at once. Thus: the text is 'My son, give me thine heart' (Pr 23²⁶), and the title 'The Keeper of the Keys.'

'In a book the other day I read part of a letter a son had sent from the Front to his father. It said: "I am sending you all my keys except the latch-key. That I will keep, so that some day when I get leave I may walk in unexpectedly and give you a surprise." I don't know what the rest of the letter was like, but I am sure this bit was the heart of the letter for the father and mother. When they read it they would feel, "This is a right son. He has no secrets from us, nothing to hide, no Blue-Beard chamber that must not be entered, no forgotten corner where old shameful things lie. He knows himself and he trusts us. He gives us the run of all his affairs. He sends us all his keys. He knows us too. He knows he will always be welcome; that he can always walk in without waiting; that he has full right of entry into his father's house. Our house is open to him, and his heart is open to us."'

The new volume, written as it were in the trenches, is called *The Red Flowers* (R.T.S.; 1s. 6d. net).

'The object of this book,' says Mr. E. S. P. Haynes—it is his new book, *The Case for Liberty* (Grant Richards; 6s. net)—will be to show, 'both as regards political and social liberty, that liberty is the essential condition of all progress and improvement, just because it encourages, or at any rate makes possible, all kinds of political or social experiments. In any state or society where liberty exists the bad experiments will fail automatically, whereas in any other society they have a tendency to flourish artificially.'

And assuredly Mr. Haynes is not afraid of experiments. He says: 'How far the Free State necessarily reposes on a foundation of general

labour conscription is perhaps uncertain; but there can be no doubt whatever that it will soon be necessary for every citizen to have some knowledge of motor-driving, plumbing, and elementary chemistry, to say nothing of domestic service, if his or her life is to be at all tolerable.'

But is he not in a hurry? Is he not living in an atmosphere of panic? Scripture says, 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' Mr. Haynes does make haste; is it because he does not believe? 'The decline of the Christian religion,' he says, 'necessarily involving in due course the decline of Christian morality, has inevitably affected the fundamental motives of conduct. Goldwin Smith wrote in one of his essays fifty years ago that when the world at large really ceased to believe in the Christian religion the world would have a very bad quarter of an hour, and his prophecy has at last come true.'

Messrs. Rivingtons have added to their 'New Testament for Schools' a Commentary on *The Gospel according to St. Luke*, by the Rev. A. R. Whitham, M.A. (3s.). The notes are characterized by reserve. If there is no certainty as to the interpretation of a passage, Mr. Whitham is not the man to say there is. Commenting on 'I beheld Satan fallen as lightning from heaven' (10¹⁸) he says: 'Our Lord's saying is mysterious; but it seems to refer to the overthrow of evil which was the result of the Incarnation (cp. Rev xii.) and the Passion. Our Lord prophetically speaks of it as already accomplished, as if with the rapidity of a thunder-bolt. The Christian Fathers think that He was also indirectly warning the Seventy against *pride* in their spiritual powers.'

Mr. Robert Scott has published a small volume of short sermons by the Rev. H. Hunter Parker, M.A., Vicar of Arlecdon, on *The Providence of God* and other kindred topics (2s. net). They are short and they are simple, but they are real.

Christ and the Woman's Movement, although it is the title of the Rev. C. Broughton-Thompson's book (Scott; 2s. net), is the subject of only one of the articles in it. The other articles are on the Old Testament, Christ, the Social System, Education, and International Relations. All is in order, however. And if not much freshness, much good sense is to be found in the discussions.

How does the unbeliever in inspiration account for the Prophets? We seem to find an answer in a book on *Mind and Conduct* (Scribners; \$1.75 net) written by Henry Rutgers Marshall, L.H.D., D.S., and delivered first of all at the Union Theological Seminary in New York as the Morse Lectures. It is the work of a man of distinguished ability and evident earnestness, a secularist frankly enough, but not at all aggressively. It contains one of the acutest criticisms yet made of that popular scheme of philosophy called utilitarianism.

Well, Dr. Marshall has reason to touch on the Prophet. He has laid down (in italics) the proposition that '*Moral conduct is an adventure in relation to the future*'. It is related to adaptation to conditions that appear to be new, and is thus bound up with processes of reasoning which are the psychic correspondents of adaptation.'

'Now reasoning is creative. It takes data given in present experience, inclusive of retrospective elements telling of the past, and undertakes to mould them to effect a better adaptation in the future. The motives to this action of future significance vary as the present and retrospective elements of experience vary. In relatively few cases do we find ourselves consciously concerned with pleasure resultants. We are concerned with the adventure as such. This adventure in most cases results in failure. History is filled with the records of false prophets who have led forlorn hopes. The conduct they have suggested has turned out to be inefficient and to involve unhappiness. In some cases the adventure results in success. Then we have in the future an increase of efficiency and of happiness. Then the prophet has honor in future generations.'

Jesus said of the Old Testament Scriptures, *They Testify of Me*, and Georgiana M. Forde has taken the words for the title of a book in which she goes through the Psalms one by one and shows how easily and how immediately they testify of Him (Skeffingtons; 3s. 6d. net). The direct application is occasionally lit up by an anecdote or other illustration.

The Rev. S. M. Statham, M.A., LL.D., Rector of Cottesford and Hardwick-with-Tusmore, Oxon. has published a volume of Notes for Sermons—*Sermons in Brief* he calls it (Skeffingtons; 6s. net). His method is to arrange the ideas that he finds

in his text and write them down as a sermon that might be read. But he does not read it. Instead, he takes out of it a 'word outline'—that is to say, its chief points expressed in a word or phrase—and preaches without reading. He publishes both the sermon and the outline. He has a strong belief in the value of discussing the *words* of the text. The text for Trinity Sunday is Eph 4¹⁴, 'Tossed to and fro.' He discusses 'tossed' in this way:

'The first notion that occurs to one by the word "tossed" is that of a violent upturning and jerking by an enraged bull, or the lightly throwing to and fro of a ball or shuttlecock, but the Greek word from which it is translated means to roll in billows; and St. Paul seems to exhort Christians neither to be childish nor to let the mind, heart, actions be everything by turns and nothing long," or like the rolling billows to be influenced by every wind, expending their force on sandy foundations, leaving naught behind but froth, cold, damp, and wet impressions. A sorry estate when applied to man's faith, service, and love. Tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine.'

Some one has said sweepingly that you cannot describe anything by negatives. But the writer of the Apocalypse has done it. He has described the New Jerusalem to some extent positively. There are gates of pearl and streets of gold; there is a river and fruit trees bordering it. But much more does he describe it negatively—by the absence of the things which belong to the old Jerusalems. There shall be no sin, he says, no sorrow or sighing, no death. More than that, there shall be no sun and no moon, and 'I saw no temple therein.' But then, one positive makes up for all these negatives—Christ is there.

How know I that it looms lovely that land I
have never seen,
With morning glories and heartsease and un-
exampled green,
With neither heat nor cold in the balm redolent
air?
Not all of this I know; but this is so:
Christ is there!

In his volume of sermons on *The Vision of Christ* Canon A. R. Ryder, D.D. (Skeffingtons; 6s. net), preaches about the New Jerusalem and emphasizes the negative especially: 'I saw no temple therein.'

They did well, he says, who built fine temples on earth, and they do well who beautify them, but 'all our salvation depends upon the Lamb that was slain.' Canon Ryder believes in the virtue of good poetry well quoted in the pulpit. And he believes that good poetry can be quoted again though it is already quite familiar.

In his volume of sermons entitled *Righteousness and Peace* (Skeffingtons; 2s. 6d. net) the Rev. G. Cecil White, M.A., has a fine appropriate text for Harvest. It is He 6¹, 'Let us go on unto perfection.' We see the pointedness at once when he says: 'In that season the corn and the fruits reach their perfection. The bud has opened into flower, and the flower has reached its perfection in fruit.'

Then he says: 'So, side by side with the scenes we have been witnessing in field and garden, of flower and fruit reaching their perfection, I set the picture of the spiritual harvest—the picture of souls growing in grace till they reach their Perfection—the likeness of the One Perfect Man, "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."'

This one thought runs through the sermon (one thought runs through each of the others also), well expressed and worth expressing well.

The Editor of the S.P.C.K. series of 'Translations of Early Documents' has been clever enough to secure a translation of the Papyri found at Elephantine from Mr. A. Cowley. No man is better fitted, for no man had more to do with the discovery and decipherment of them. The volume is entitled *Jewish Documents of the Time of Ezra* (4s. 6d. net).

A thorough investigation into the history of *The Eucharistic Office of the Book of Common Prayer* has been made by the Rev. Lewis Wright, M.A., B.D. (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net). And the exposition is as readable as the investigation is thorough. It is just such a student's handbook as makes dispensable all other books on the subject.

Spiritism in the Light of the Faith (S.P.C.K.; 3s. net) is the title of a volume on the difference between spiritualism and Christianity which has been written by the Rev. T. J. Hardy, M.A. Mr. Hardy makes his books difficult for the reader

by the extremity of his ritualism. But he is at least fair to the spiritualist, while he shows how needless to a believer in Christ the whole spiritualistic position is and how hurtful.

Professor Alexander Souter, D.Litt., has translated for the S.P.C.K. series of Latin Texts, two of Tertullian's *Treatises*, the one Concerning Prayer and the other Concerning Baptism (3s. net). The text he has used is that of the Vienna 'Corpus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Latinorum.' He has made his translation and written his notes independently of all other editions. The Introduction is short, full of matter, and most accurate.

Number nine of the S.P.C.K. 'Texts for Students' is *The Inscription on the Stele of Mēša' commonly called The Moabite Stone* (6d. net). The little book contains the text of the Stone, both in Moabite and in Hebrew, with a new translation. The author is the Rev. H. F. B. Compston, M.A.

The S.P.C.K. 'Helps for Students of History' are increasing. This month we have to notice the issue of five volumes—*An Introduction to the Study of Colonial History*, by A. P. Newton, M.A., D.Litt., B.Sc. (6d. net); *Parish History and Records*, by A. Hamilton Thompson, M.A., F.S.A. (8d. net); *Hints on the Study of English Economic History*, by W. Cunningham, D.D., F.B.A. (8d. net); *The French Renaissance*, by Arthur Tilley, M.A. (8d. net); and *The French Wars of Religion*, by the same author (6d. net).

It is not hesitation in assigning universality and finality to the Christian religion that makes so many of us desirous to know all that can be

known about other religions; nor is the desire due solely to the scientific and searching temper of our age. We now believe that God left not Himself without witness even in Arabia when Muhammad gathered the wild and warlike tribes round him and gave them the Qur'an for their instruction. And our desire is to discover the truth which the Qur'an contains that we may know God better and that we may be the better instruments of His hand to add to the Qur'an the knowledge of the grace of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

The Teaching of the Qur'an is the title of a work written by the Rev. H. Weitbrecht Stanton, Ph.D., D.D., and published by the Central Board of Missions and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (7s. net). It satisfies our desire to the uttermost. A trained scholar and an intimate student of both the life and the literature of Islam, Dr. Stanton is also a highly accomplished writer. He has spared no pains to make this book perfect and complete, wanting nothing. There is a history of the growth of the Qur'an; its teaching is classified and expounded; and there is a most useful Subject Index, based perhaps upon Hughes's Dictionary of Islam, but to tell the truth much more accurate than that useful book. We congratulate the author on a difficult work well done.

Mr. Norman E. Dando is another preacher to children. He preaches through the 'Banbury Advertiser' first, and then through a book called *Cleaning the Boots* (Stockwell; 2s. net). He forgets the parents and gives himself wholly to boys and girls from ten to fourteen. He is neither moral nor spiritual; he is simply natural.

Christ and God.¹

BY THE REVEREND HUGH ROSS MACKINTOSH, M.A., D.PHIL., D.D., PROFESSOR OF
SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY, NEW COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

'God,' writes Tyndal, the martyr translator of our English New Testament, 'is not man's imagination, but that only which He saith of Himself.' If we let our minds wander about just at random, picking up our ideas anywhere, our thoughts of

¹ At more than one point in the following pages there are echoes of Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin's fine volume, *Some Christian Convictions*.

God are as likely to be wrong as right. The Jews had a genius for religion, and yet you find Jesus telling them repeatedly that their conceptions of God were erroneous and certain to lead to mischief. So we, if we gather our impressions of God indiscriminately from a variety of quarters—surface studies of history, queer books, the newspapers, talks with people in a railway carriage—are likely

enough to end up with a picture that gravely misrepresents Him. He is so great, anyhow, that the antecedent probability is we never could discover the truth unless He took the initiative and told us. And the Christian religion is the religion which teaches that God *did* take the initiative in a certain way, in order to be sure we knew Him properly; and that this way is Jesus Christ.

Christ and God—that is our subject now. Look a single moment at these three words—Christ and God. Isn't it rather suggestive that we can put these two names close up to each other, utter them in one breath, without the slightest sense of incongruity? I have never seen an address called 'St. Paul and God,' or 'Abraham Lincoln and God,' or 'Mr. Gladstone and God,' or 'Florence Nightingale and God.' And certainly, had these people seen their own names in that collocation, I expect they would have been horrified. They would have said, 'Don't be irreverent.' But about 'Christ and God' we cannot feel like that. Instinctively we are aware that the two names go well together, and that the people who have done most for the world's well-being have thought so too. And stranger still, we have an inkling that Jesus would have agreed with them. He did not think it at all unfitting that He should put Himself into one sentence alongside of the Father. That either revolts one or it arrests one profoundly.

When we turn over the pages of the Evangelists—and we must go by them, if we are not to talk mere whimsies—one thing leaps to the eye. It is this: Jesus never doubted that He knew God. It was knowledge by acquaintance. There were no abstract arguments; He never forced men to their knees by sheer reasoning; what He did was to put out His hand and lift a veil. No question that He had a special familiarity with God ever entered His mind. Whether speaking the parables or healing the sick or defending the oppressed or forgiving sin, always He obviously felt that He was acting for God, that God was acting *in* Him. The sense never left Him of a peculiar touch with God which He had no desire to keep to Himself, out which He longed to communicate to men, because He knew it would make all the difference to their hopes and fears. The consciousness of God was like a garment of light in which He walked.

Jesus was quite sure of His insight into God, and His perpetual fellowship with Him; perhaps

it is still more wonderful that those who knew Christ best, the disciples, had no doubt of it either. It is no unheard of thing for a man to credit himself with powers which all his friends scout the very thought of: but Jesus' friends, the people who had watched Him, had an unclouded certainty about His nearness to the Most High. That was what *made* Jesus, for them. We can't think of Marshal Foch without instantly thinking of the War; and it was literally impossible for an Evangelist to remember Jesus and leave out His connexion with God—that suffusing and encompassing Presence that put Him in a class by Himself. The disciples had a tremendously high conception of God, particularly after Jesus was done with them; and yet they saw Jesus and God together. As the two stereoscopic pictures, right and left, merge into one solid object—so, when they looked back, they saw Christ and the Father as one. It is an extraordinary certificate to Jesus. It leaves you wondering whether there was really any limit to Him. They felt He was completely like the Father He had worshipped, and they put Him beside God in their imagination and their prayers. That was His right place; it was there He belonged.

There, then, is our great point—God is wrapped up in Christ: the two resemble each other so much they really can't be separated. Now that Christ has been here, it is genuinely impracticable for us to detach the view of God that goes with us into working, loving and praying from Jesus of Nazareth. And when our mind travels back to the ages before Christ came, we have to conceive of God as preparing for this, as being unable to refrain from disclosing Himself in Jesus.

Some one says: 'How am I to be sure that God is exactly like Jesus? I have heard people say He isn't in the least; and you surely aren't going to say it is self-evident that the God indicated by the present condition of Europe has a Christlike character?' That is an enormous difficulty; if we get over it, it can only be with a struggle and real prayer.

But the practical point I want to make is this. You feel it questionable whether the Unseen Power behind the world is genuinely like Jesus—have you taken pains to know Jesus closely? I don't mean have you read books about Him, or listened to addresses; but have you put your mind steadily to the Gospel narratives? I have known a man

spend three months in a laboratory identifying a bacillus; have you lived with Matthew, Mark and Luke in order to get to know, away beyond all doubt, what manner of person He actually was?

Suppose you have. You have dwelt in Christ's company as He spoke of repentance, and laid His hand on the sick, and said to the paralytic man, 'Courage, brother, your sins are pardoned,' and appealed to Zaccheus' hospitality and changed him by friendship, and had the hem of His garment touched in the crowd by the woman, and confronted wrong alone, and set His face to go to Jerusalem, and drank the lonely cup of agony in Gethsemane—you have listened, and watched, and reflected. You have felt—this is quite possible, quite reasonable—that you know Jesus better than you do any of your contemporaries. Well, now, what are you going to do with that Figure? Where are you going to place Him? He is Highest in the Highest realm you know, and you cannot conceive anything more high—no more perfect combination of Love, and Righteousness and Forceful Purpose, you feel, can be imagined. Either there is no God, or the God there is, is morally inferior to Jesus, or He is just precisely what Jesus is. If I had never heard of God before, should I not be excused if I cried out, This is the God for me? He shames me by His reality; He exalts me by His love; He passes into me and through me His own will to redeem; He clarifies and realizes for me my highest inspirations from the unseen. I stand before Him, and, do what I will, I cannot but have awakened in me a religious response. In other words, only let us get close up to Jesus, so as really to make Him out, and we find we have no other use for the word 'God' but to apply it to Him. *That* is God, or we may put the word away. Had we not seen Jesus, we might have been satisfied with less; but by His character He has spoiled us for any poorer or lower idea of the Divine.

That is what the word Revelation means. The Revealer is he who opens a new world for you, of Truth, Goodness, Beauty. And always after he has shown it, you say to yourself, Yes, I know, it was bound to be like that. So Christ lives before you—teaching, healing, helping, forgiving—and you wake up, after looking at Him for a while, to discover you have a new impression of God. And you say to yourself, gratefully, adoringly, Yes, I know, it was bound to be like that. God, if I

have a God, could not be anything but a copy of Jesus Christ.

Just here let us guard ourselves against a misapprehension which is sometimes created by our habit of speaking about Jesus as the picture or portrait of God. When I stand before a great portrait, it may be stately and beautiful, but one fact I observe—it doesn't *move*. It does not act or get things done. It is still life. But when I look at Jesus in the Gospels, wondering what He reveals about God, I see that He is moving—He is going somewhere. He does not drift through life, He makes unswervingly for a goal that puts its stamp on every detail of His career and bars out many things that might otherwise have been permissible. He is absolutely absorbed in getting the Kingdom of God established in the world of mankind—the new, better, gladder order of things in which God's glorious will is realized. And I further can make this out, as I keep on looking, that He regards no price as too high if only He can have that purpose accomplished. Not even the price of death, in shame and pain and darkness. Whatever the reason, Jesus ended at Calvary, and He went to Calvary of His own accord.

You can't leave the implications of that out of the new conception of God you are allowing Jesus to teach you. It proclaims two things about the Father. To begin with, He has a purpose for this planet of ours and for the human family gathered on its surface. The world is a ship, not an iceberg, and there is a great hand upon the rudder. God is pursuing a vast world-embracing plan that spells Love and Righteousness just as much as Christ was pursuing a plan when He taught and cured and prayed and gathered disciples and refused a crown in Palestine two thousand years ago. Many things have been said about Jesus; but I have never heard of its being said that He lived at random. Follow Him from Nazareth to Jerusalem, and then to Cæsarea Philippi, and eventually to Golgotha; and at every step you can tell 'that something deep is on.' He has a plan, and the plan is not for His own advantage, and He is convinced that the happiness and value of every human life is bound up with its coming into line with His great object. God is like that. He means something with history; He is bent on bringing us to some point of building some vast enduring beautiful social structure out of the lives into which He enters.

The other truth is that, if we may use the expression, God will stick at nothing in the way of sacrifice to get His plan executed. Jesus did not go back when death confronted Him; He paid the price and counted the object well worth its cost. We can carry that over to God just as it stands. Henry Sloane Coffin has said that 'at Calvary we see the rocky coast-line of men's thoughts and feelings against which the incoming tide of God's mind and heart broke; and we can hear the moaning of the resisted waves'; then he adds that 'the incoming waters break into the silver spray of speech, and their one word is Love.' If His Kingdom can be set up in no other way, then God is ready for the cost. Life is teaching us all the time that the best things cost most, and God Himself bows to that law.

Don't you think Christendom is in danger, just at the moment, of settling its conceptions of God with the Cross kept well out of sight? We so readily avert our eyes from tragedy. We prefer to grasp at something that is cheap and easy. Anything sombre or morally profound and silencing daunts and mystifies us. I believe the Church in many quarters is called upon to guard itself supremely against a happy-go-lucky notion of the Divine Fatherhood; against playing with the thought of a Fatherhood that means nothing more than smiling benevolence, and, in a phrase of the New Testament, 'winks' at evil. Well, a Fatherhood that insults the startled and agonizing conscience because it is regarded as treating things like cruelty and selfishness and uncleanness lightly and wiping them out with good-humoured tolerance will not carry us far. If you want a Fatherhood of God that will stay with you, and support you in view of life's worst realities instead of drugging you with moral levity, take your thought of it out of Jesus' experience, and therefore put at its very heart the Cross. Build your view of God around the tremendous fact that He judged a Divine death for the sinful necessary to their redemption, and that, since the sacrifice had to be, He willingly stooped to make it. Calvary is a window opening into God's heart. There we see into the life of the Lord of heaven and earth. 'Behind the cross of wood outside the gate of Jerusalem we catch sight of a vast, age-enduring cross in the heart of the Eternal, forced on Him generation after generation by His children's unlikeness to their Father.' That sense of God's Fatherliness goes down to the

depths of our being and thrills the conscience with ennobling satisfaction. It fortifies the soul to know that in our desperate struggle with evil we have on our side One who took the conflict so seriously that He grappled with sin in pain, and put it away by the sacrifice of Himself.

If, then, we take our cue from Jesus Christ we must think of God as Redemptive Love, not shallow or good-natured, but passionately righteous and utterly self-denying. But does this Love have power over the world? It ought to be sovereign; our hearts tell us it should be uppermost, but then is it so? Is there any experience of Jesus that illustrates the sovereign power of God—exhibits Him to us as sufficiently in control over all things to accomplish through them His will? That is where the Resurrection breaks in with its vindication of God as mighty to save. He was mighty to save Jesus from death's grasp, therefore we know He is wise and strong enough not to let nature or men defeat His purpose. All along during Jesus' life, God was 'the loving Response from the unseen which answered the trust of Jesus'; and that loving Response went on after Jesus had bowed His head and died. Like the Psalmist long before, Jesus had trusted the Father so utterly as to say, 'Thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave, Thou wilt not suffer Thine holy one to see corruption'; and the Father did not play Him false. In the plenitude of His loving Power He kept His word to Jesus His Son, and lifted Him above the strangle-hold of death. There is nothing that can hope to prevail when matched with the Father's redemptorial energies acting through a perfectly consecrated will. That is the kind of God men believe in through Jesus Christ.

Now if what Christ discloses about God is true, it is mightily important for our life, and for our views and convictions about the world and religion and society and everything. For example, clearly if Jesus was right, if He represented God correctly, then *you* can have communion with God. Jesus had it, and He offered it to others through Him as intermediary. He brings God to us, in the sense that He lives God before our eyes; He brings us to God, in the sense that just by being Himself He evokes our trust for the Father whose love is shining through His life, and persuades us to put away suspicion and incredulity and pride. An intermediary is a person who brings people together, and Jesus does that for God and us.

Supposing He has done that, supposing you have allowed Him to do it and are now infinitely in debt to Him for having done it, what will it mean for us to know God as our Father? Not merely that we accept the idea of His kinship with our nature and rely on His kindly disposition; but that we let Him establish a direct line of authorship with our life and father our impulses, our thoughts, our ideals, our intentions. Jesus kept accepting His life and its meaning at intervals from God. As has been said: 'His every wish and motive had its heredity in the Father whom He trusted with loyal childlike confidence, and served with a grown son's intelligent and willing comradeship.' It is up to us to let Jesus infect us with that spirit.

Again, if God is similar to Jesus, and we see Him through Jesus' eyes, we shall be quite sure that there is just one God, and that He rules everything there is. Polytheists have a host of gods—one for the forest, one for the wind, one ruling the sea and another the sky and so on. We imitate them, do we not? by having one thought of God for home life and religious fellowship, and another for business and politics and international affairs. All that division must go; if Jesus is trustworthy at all, what we see in Him is the only possible God. His will is the principle that must be put down at the foundation of family life, prosperous industry, decent statesmanlike foreign relations, righteous social arrangements. To put it in a single word, He is not our God only, He is the God of other people. When we treat our neighbours shamefully, or acquiesce in their being treated

shamefully because they are so weak they cannot call society to account, then it is He we have to deal with really. That is how things are, according to Jesus. If He is right about the centre, He must be right about the circumference. If we see what He saw, we must see a Father with a passionate interest in all others—men and women and children, light-skinned and dark-skinned races, Britons and Germans—and when we think of other people, and adjust our life to theirs, we have to remember that, or there will be trouble.

Long since men believed that, were the great Nile tracked to its source, its origin might be found in some tiny spring, some scanty nameless rivulet. But when explorers finally pierced the secret, it was to discover that the river sprang from a vast inland sea, sweeping with horizon unbroken round the whole compass of the sky. So we are prone to fear lest the river of salvation, that flows past our doors and into which we have dipped our vessels, might, if followed back to its fountain-head, prove to be fed only from a grudging and uncertain store. But in truth the Father's mercy is like the rolling sea at the continent's heart—that sea from which the great river bursts, full and brimming at its birth. It is from everlasting to everlasting. Shall we not rise up to take it for our own? Shall we not live in the joy of it, and freely take its power for holiness, for power, for brotherhood? 'I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor things present nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Birthdays of Good Men and Women.

II.

'Who against hope believed in hope.'—Ro 4¹⁸.

GLOOMY NOVEMBER!

'Tis late before the sun will rise,
And early he will go;
Grey fringes hang from the grey skies,
And wet the ground below.

The sun itself is ill bested

A heavenly sign to show;

His radiance, dimmed to glowing red,

Can hardly further go.¹

These verses were written by a poet whose memory is very much beloved. One of the reasons why so many people love him is that even into his very saddest poems he brings a note of hope. They never end in the sad minor key.

¹ *The Poetical Works of George MacDonald*, i. 365, 366.

Listen to the last verse of this November song,
and you will understand what I mean.

But while sad thoughts together creep,
Like bees too cold to sting,
God's children, in their beds asleep,
Are dreaming of the Spring.

You boys and girls think only of November's gloom. But I remember speaking to you about a boy who gathered potatoes in a field with his mother one November afternoon, and how, although he did not notice it, there was a plough going quite near. That meant that the farmer was preparing for the spring. He had no doubt of its coming.

I wonder how many of you have your birthdays in November, and if you have ever thought that it was a misfortune to have been born in this the dullest of all the months. To-day, I want to tell you about a boy who was a November baby, and who turned out to be one of the bright spirits of this earth. He was delicate during the whole of his somewhat short life; and when in 1894 he died at the age of forty-four, ever so many people all over the world mourned his loss, for they loved him. They had got to know him through the delightful books he wrote. The story of his life was read eagerly here, there, and everywhere. His letters, published in a volume by themselves, were read with even greater interest. They had been written to his friends when he was far away from his native Scotland. Now, you may occasionally hear summer visitors to Edinburgh, especially those who come from America and far away Australia, saying, 'Take us to see the house where Robert Louis Stevenson was born.'

The part of Robert Louis' life that most people like to read best is the beginning. There we are told about the time when he was a little boy. Poor little fellow, he was scarcely ever well. Croup, pneumonia, and feverish colds kept following each other all the time; in winter he seemed constantly to be coughing. But his father's favourite name was 'Smout'; he knew little Louis was plucky.

There were two people who had a great deal to do with making Robert Louis Stevenson the sort of boy he was—his mother and his nurse, Alison Cunningham, whom he always called, 'Cummy.' To the end of his life he loved Cummy. No wonder. She was the one who taught him to think of the Bible as the best book in the world. He read it very often, and talked to him about

doing what was right, so that his young mind became full of religious thoughts. One day he came to his mother and said, 'Mamma, I have drawn a man; shall I draw his soul now?' Another day he said to her, 'You cannot be good unless you pray.' 'How do you know?' his mother asked. 'Because I have tried it,' was his answer. Cummy read the Bible in a very impressive manner. Her little charge kept making pictures in his mind as she went on. The pictures were all taken from places near his own home. The 'pastures green' of the twenty-third Psalm were stubble fields by Edinburgh's *Water of Leith*; 'Death's dark vale' was an archway in the nearest cemetery.

His cough gave 'Lou,' as Cummy used to call him, many sleepless nights; he sometimes prayed for sleep, or for morning to come—his poor little body felt all shaken. Cummy would lift him out of bed and carry him to the window, where she would show him one or two windows still lit up; and then they would tell each other that there might be other sick little boys waiting like them for the morning.

Doubtless Cummy helped to foster within him the hopeful spirit that buoyed him up through life. When he became a man and was writing his books—among them were some that boys and girls like to read—he had to fight a battle with ill-health all the time. And by perseverance he trained himself to write well. 'He's an awfu' laddie for speirin' questions,' said an old man who knew him; 'when-ever you turn your back, awa' he gangs and writes it a' doon.'

Through his long and trying struggle with ill-health Louis was more than merely hopeful. He had the mirth of a child. One friend described him as 'skipping upon the hills of life.' When at last he found he could not live in this country, or indeed anywhere in Europe, he settled in far away Samoa. He loved his home in Scotland, and was very sorry to leave it; but he made up his mind to be thankful and glad in the lonely Pacific island. No doubt his gaiety must occasionally have cost him an effort; but Cummy's lessons came back to him there. He used to say he felt sure that he believed everything was for the best because he believed in God. 'I saw the sea to be great,' were his words, 'and the earth in that little corner was all friendship to me. So wherever a man is, he will find something to please and pacify him. In the

town he will meet pleasant faces of men and women and see beautiful flowers at a window, or hear a cage bird singing at the corner of a street; and for the country—let him look for it in the right spirit and he will surely find it.’

And, boys and girls, listen to one of the prayers he wrote for use at family worship in Samoa:

‘The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties.

‘Help us to play the man. Help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces. Let cheerfulness abound with industry.

‘Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonoured and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.’

When at last he lay dead in the hall of his house one of the Samoan chiefs came, and crouching beside the body said, ‘I am only a poor Samoan, and ignorant, others are rich and can give Tusitala presents: I am poor, and can give nothing this last day he receives his friends. When Mataafa was taken, who was our support but Tusitala? We were in prison and he cared for us. We were sick and he made us well. We were hungry and he fed us. The way was no longer than his kindness. You are great people and full of love. Yet who among you is so great as Tusitala? What is your love to his love?’

He was buried, by his own request, away up on a hilltop, and the Samoan chiefs have forbidden the use of firearms on the hillside where he lies, that the birds may live there undisturbed and raise about his grave the songs he loved so well.

It is a good message that the story of Robert Louis Stevenson’s life gives us—that we must meet whatever comes to us with thankfulness and hope. He had a sure foundation for his gladness. It was laid in Cummy’s days. Many a time he would be fearful and doubt the goodness of God. But joy he felt to be a duty because Jesus said, ‘Rejoice and be exceeding glad.’

Robert Louis Stevenson when a little boy said, ‘You can’t be good unless you pray.’ Be like him; try it.

Slippery Places.

‘Slippery places.’—Ps 73¹⁸.

I expect you think they are about the jolliest places in the world, and I quite agree with you. What a

high old time you can have when the frost comes and you go skimming down the long slides, or flying over the ice on your skates, or sailing down the hills on your toboggan! If you get a fall or a bump or two it only adds to the fun. You pick yourself up and are none the worse. Yes, that kind of slippery place is just splendid.

But the slippery places I am thinking of aren’t a bit like that. They are covered with thick black mud, and if you fall down you come up all muddy and dirty—that is to say, if you don’t sink altogether in the mire.

Now perhaps you are wondering where these places are, because, of course, you want to avoid them. Well, they are to be found in any place where we are in danger of doing wrong. When we are with bad companions, we are in a very slippery place. When we are doing something we would rather our mother did not see us do, we are in a slippery place. When we are tempted to tell a lie to shield ourselves from punishment, or crib our exercises to save ourselves trouble, we are in a slippery place. When we are very sure of ourselves, sure that nothing could tempt us to do wrong, that nothing could ever make us fall, however much other people might tumble down, then we are in a very slippery place indeed, and the slightest push from behind will send us sprawling in the mud.

I. Now the first thing I want to say about these slippery places is—never walk into them of your own accord.

There was a young fox once who was just setting out in life. He didn’t know very much about it, but he had the sense to ask the advice of those older and wiser than himself. So he went to his father and asked him would he please tell him some trick by which he could get away from the hounds if they were chasing him. Father Fox was a wise old gentleman, and he bore several scars which showed that he had been through many a tough fight. But when his son asked him that question he shook his head. ‘No, my dear boy,’ said he, ‘I can tell you of no such trick. In my experience, the best plan is to keep out of the hounds’ way.’

And that is the safest way to deal with the slippery places—keep out of their way. Sometimes they are disguised. They look very safe and pleasant till we try to walk on them. But more often they are well advertised. There is a big danger board up with letters a foot long which th

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eyes of conscience can read only too well; and if we come to grief on them it is our own fault.

A good old man tells us how, when he was a small boy, a minister came to his home and gave him a piece of wise advice which he never forgot. 'When in trouble,' he said, 'kneel down and ask God's help; but never climb over the fence into the devil's ground and then kneel down and ask help. Pray from God's side of the fence.' And that just means, don't run into temptation, don't walk on to the slippery places of your own accord.

2. But sometimes we find ourselves in a slippery place by no fault of our own. Sometimes we are suddenly met by a big temptation although we have tried to keep to the firm, straight path. And all of a sudden our feet feel shaky and we are terribly afraid we shall fall in the mud. What are we to do then? Well, there are just two things we can do.

First, we must plant our feet as firmly as we can and walk on steadily and carefully till we reach safer ground. God sometimes lets temptations come to us in order that, in conquering them, we may become stronger, and better, and braver.

And, second, we must remember that God is holding us up. If you look up the second last verse of the second last book in the Bible you will find a beautiful sentence that the minister often repeats at the end of the service. It begins, 'Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling,' or, as the Revised Version of the Bible puts it, 'Now unto him that is able to guard you from stumbling.' And I want you to remember these words every time you find yourself in a slippery place.

Have you seen your mother helping your little baby brother to walk? She puts her hands under his arms and holds him up so that he cannot fall. God is just like that. He puts His strong hands under our arms, and if we lean on Him we need never stumble, however slippery our path.

The Topaz.

'The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it,'—Job 28¹⁹.

November is often a dull, gloomy month, but it brings us a cheerful, sunny stone—the topaz. The topaz got its name in a curious way. Topaz comes from a Greek word meaning 'to seek.' The stone was first found in a certain island in the Red Sea which was often surrounded by fog. And because

the sailors had to seek long for the island ere they found it, they called the gem 'topaz.'

How many of you know a topaz? Well, as there are three different stones called 'topaz' you will be excused if you don't recognize one when you see it. The true topaz is a stone which comes to us chiefly from Brazil, and it is usually golden or yellow or honey-coloured. But it is found also without any colour at all, clear and limpid, and then it is so like the diamond that it is very difficult for ordinary people to tell the difference. These colourless topazes have been nicknamed 'slave's diamonds,' but there is a prettier name than that for them. The Brazilians call them *pingas d'agoa*, and the French *gouttes d'eau*, both of which mean 'drops of water.'

The second stone known as 'topaz' is our old friend the corundum, only it is yellow corundum, not red corundum like the ruby, or blue corundum like the sapphire. This yellow corundum is called the *Oriental topaz*.

The third stone known as 'topaz' is one we are all very familiar with, for it is neither more nor less than the stone which is set in kilt brooches and other Highland jewellery, the cairngorm or Scotch topaz. I expect a good many of the girls here will have a piece of jewellery set with a Scotch topaz, and if any of the boys have a plaid to their kilt they will be very proud of the cairngorm which fastens it on the shoulder.

Now, to return to the first, or real topaz. There are several remarkable things about it. To begin with, it is three and a half times heavier than water. Then if you heat it, or rub it, it becomes electric like amber. If you heat it slowly to a red heat (having first packed it in lime magnesia or asbestos) and cool it equally slowly, you will find that your yellow topaz has turned pink. That is how pink topazes are made, for the natural stone is never that shade. Then though the topaz is a hard stone which cuts and polishes beautifully, strange to say it is very brittle, and if you let it fall you may pick it up in two.

The topaz was supposed in olden times to bring its wearer beauty, wisdom, and long life. It was also believed to quench thirst. Perhaps that was because the colourless topazes are so like drops of pure water.

There is a story of a thirst-quenching Indian topaz whose owner was a Hindu magician or necromancer. One of the Indian Rajahs or

princes, who was fighting a neighbouring prince, asked the magician to help him to win a battle. The battle took place, but alas! the magician's help was vain, for the Rajah was beaten and the necromancer himself wounded to death. As he lay dying on the battle-field he heard near him the groans of a poor wounded soldier who was crying out for a drop of water to quench his burning thirst. With a last effort of strength the necromancer threw his precious jewel to the soldier, telling him to lay it on his heart. No sooner had the man done so than his thirst vanished and his wound healed.

Well, that is only a tale. But I have told it you because I think its meaning and that of the topaz are one—'Be sympathetic.' What is sympathy? The dictionary tells us that it is 'feeling with' others. There used to be an old conundrum (I expect it is still alive)—'Why is sympathy like blind man's buff?' 'Because it's a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.' Now I want to ask you, 'Why is sympathy like a topaz?' And I shall give you three reasons.

1. *It is cheering.*—The topaz is a cheerful stone. Did you ever notice that yellow is a cheerful colour? It is. It 'makes a sunshine in a shady place.' If you have a yellow paper on a dull north room, that room will look as if the sun were streaming into it. So sympathy warms and cheers.

2. *It is electric.*—It is something that goes out from you to some one else, or comes from some one else to you. You can't catch hold of it and say, 'This is sympathy'; but it is like a wave of electricity—you feel it. It makes you tingle with pleasure. It attracts you like a magnet.

3. *It is fragile.*—It is a delicate sort of thing. You can't bounce in on somebody and blurt out, 'Now I'm going to be sympathetic. I'm going to say so-and-so and I'm going to do so-and-so.' You must go about it in a more delicate way than that. Often sympathy can't be put into words. A look or a touch is enough.

A man who was a famous preacher tells that when he was a boy there lived in the next house a man who was a hopeless drunkard. The boy's father was very anxious that the man should be cured, and he tried all in his power to help him. But the poor man found it impossible to resist turning into a public-house when he passed its open doors, and saw its flaring lights, and smelt its smell of whisky. At last, after trying and failing

again and again, he said to the boy's father, 'I think if I could hold some one's hand I might manage it.' The little chap heard this and was keen to help, so he offered himself for the job. Day after day he went and slipped his hand into that of the man and guided him safely past the danger spots. He didn't say anything. All he did was just to give a friendly grip; but it was the finest kind of sympathy, and it worked the man's cure.

Now a word of warning! Don't keep your sympathy for people who are sad or in trouble. Spare some of it for those who are specially happy or joyful. The Bible says, 'Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep.' And you'll notice that it puts the 'rejoicing with them that rejoice' before the 'weeping with them that weep.' Perhaps that is because most people find it easier to be sorry for others' woes than to be glad at others' joys. I don't know why that should be, unless it is that there's a little bit of jealousy at the bottom of our hearts, and that little bit of jealousy comes up to the top when we hear of any one who has had any special good fortune.

Boys and girls, if you are ever bothered with that mean little feeling, give it no mercy, kill it right away. Do the sympathetic thing and the fine thing. Rejoice in your friend's joy. Here's the message of the topaz in other words, 'Halve your friends' sorrows, and double their joys.'

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'And they prayed, and said: Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, shew whether of these two thou hast chosen.'—Ac 1²⁴.

If a reason be asked for the particular character of this congregation, it is given in the first words of the text—*They prayed*. We can well understand why they prayed. The Bridegroom had departed from them. They were a band of mourners. There was Mary the Mother of Jesus weeping for her Son. And there was Mary Magdalene weeping for her Saviour; and Peter mourning for his denial of his Lord; and Thomas mourning for his faithlessness; all mourning for the brother who had fallen from his bishopric and gone to his own place.

Peter had important and very solemn duties to

fulfil. He began by preaching the funeral sermon of Judas Iscariot 'who was guide to them that took Jesus.' He then delivered the edict for the election of another apostle. Finding the warrant in the 109th Psalm, he read it aloud:—'His office let another take.' Thereupon he invited the assembled company to select one, who, along with the eleven, should be a witness to the world of the Resurrection.

Two names were put forward—two out of the seventy, very likely, whom Jesus had called and sent out to preach the good news of the Kingdom. Both men seem to have enjoyed the confidence of their fellows, and, though different, doubtless, in their respective temperaments, to have manifested such devotion to Christ and such zeal for His cause, that either gave promise of proving himself a worthy apostle. Their general qualifications for the office, the tone of their characters, that is to say, and the integrity of their conduct, had led to their being selected as a leet. It was a magnificent testimony for an hundred and twenty people to record about two of their number.

'They prayed,' Luke tells us, 'and said, Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, shew of these two the one whom thou hast chosen, to take the place in this ministry and apostleship, from which Judas fell away, that he might go to his own place. And they gave lots for them; and the lot fell upon Matthias; and he was numbered with the eleven apostles.'

However strange and unfitting a recourse to the lot in a solemn moment like this may appear to the Western mind, to the Jew it was a natural and reverential expedient.

But we must be careful to observe that the Apostles did not trust to the lot absolutely and completely. That would have been trusting to mere chance. They first did their utmost, exercised their own knowledge and judgment, and then, having done their part, they prayerfully left the final result to God, in humble confidence that He would show what was best.

The two selected candidates were Joseph Barsabas and Matthias, neither of whom ever appeared before in the story of our Lord's life, and yet both had been His disciples all through His earthly career.

And Matthias found himself (1) the successful candidate, (2) the successor of Judas Iscariot, (3) an apostle of Jesus Christ.

Of Matthias nothing further is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. This, however, is not surprising, for, with the exception of one or two incidents recorded of St. John, and the fact of St. James' martyrdom, the only acts of the Twelve commemorated are those of St. Peter. Clement of Alexandria quotes from the traditions of Matthias (*Strom.* ii. 163) and Eusebius (*H.E.* 25) mentions apocryphal gospels ascribed to Peter, Thomas, and Matthias, which implies that his name carried apostolical authority. It is remarkable, however, that in the earliest named groups of the apostles the twelfth place is taken by St. Paul. As an apostle of Jesus Christ he filled an office of great honour and privilege. Utterly unjust, surely, would be any account of the emotions which worked within him, if, besides the tempting whisperings of self-congratulation, and the salutary feeling of self-distrust, we failed to record the deep-seated solemn joy that he was no longer Matthias, but Matthias an apostle of Jesus Christ. The throne of Cæsar did not carry greater responsibilities; but neither did it cover its occupant with greater glory than the ministry to which Matthias was ordained. For the mighty empire of Rome was destined to flourish for a season and then decay; but the Kingdom of Christ, in the establishment of which Matthias was called to bear a pioneer's part, was to expand throughout the whole earth and endure for ever and ever. We are called to be witnesses of Christ to our generation. Who amongst us needs to be urged to embrace such a high privilege, and to undertake such a glorious office?

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Disease.

'Who healeth all thy diseases.'—Ps 103⁸.

1. Disease is abnormal, because under fair circumstances the human being tends to revert to health. Over and over again, in the early days of our colonies, we have seen stunted, ill-thriven settlers with bad heredity rear a family of better stature and better health than themselves, and their grandchildren were observed to be again larger and more robust. Such reversion to health is only a dramatic instance of a scientific commonplace. We are warranted in setting down disease as abnormal.

2. All its abnormalities are—from the point of view of beauty, order, economy — disgusting. They mean, every one of them, that some stream that ought to be pure is impure, that some tissue that ought to be clean is unclean. In a diseased system the stream of the heart's blood, which ought to be cleansed by the exquisite respiratory process of oxygenation, is not cleansed, or some food which ought to be changing by a beautiful and delicate chemical process into clean living matter is, instead, decaying within the living organism, acting within the veins, or within the tissue, exactly as filth and decaying matter act in our streams or our streets.

If you think of a limpid stream running through a beautiful garden, and think of it again filled with the refuse of the slaughter-house, thick with the garbage of a village, its banks as foul as its water, evil-smelling, poisonous, you have a very good illustration of what food not thoroughly assimilated produces in the body, of what blood not thoroughly oxygenated is.

3. It is wasteful. For quite a long time now, every Christian society that sends out missionaries to do the highest spiritual work of converting men to the knowledge of God and building them up in that knowledge, has found it necessary to apply a strict physical test before taking any candidate into its service. This fact speaks for itself, and it is sufficiently obvious of every kind of religious and social service, except one, that ill-health reduces the working value of the individual.

The one service not thus impeded obviously is prayer; but it is a very serious question whether it has not been one of the greatest mistakes in religion to suppose that prayer can ever be as effective when divorced from social activity. We are ready now to hold this true of the prayer of the cloistered saint; it is no less true of such invalids as are his modern, representatives. It is not in the effort to forsake the world for God that man has seen the truest vision of Divine Love, but in the effort to bring God into the world. It was the pagan idea that the body was the enemy of the soul that gave rise to the notion that the weak and sickly could exercise most perfectly the gift of prayer. While a diseased life that can know no other service than prayer may undoubtedly thus serve, it is also true that the same person in health, steadfastly desiring to pray, would produce better results. And to the waste of the patient's life we

must add the tragic expenditure of time, money, and energy lavished daily in mere attendance upon the sick.¹

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Development of Personal Religion.

'How long will it be ere they attain to innocency?'—
Hos 8⁵.

Personal religion, if it is to be worth anything, must be progressive. It admits of advance and demands it. It is a principle, and must work. It is a power, and must have exercise. It is a life, and must grow. It may not stand still for a moment, either on its intellectual, or its devotional, or its practical side. Spiritual waxwork is quite as dead as any other waxwork, and far more ghastly. But what is a stationary personal religion but spiritual waxwork? What, however, are the conditions of the development required?

1. *Realization*.—It is with this that all true personal religion begins. The moment of trust is the moment of union. Then it is that the first flow of the life-sap commences, and the spirit of man receives its first true impulses Godward, from the Spirit of God. The sense of personal acceptance draws out affection. Love begets and increases love. The wilful sinner in the city becomes at once the willing servant at the Master's feet. Now if you check faith you check the flow also. The life is poor because the love is cold. And this is just what is happening to many. There is too little reality, because there is too little realization. Peace is essentially necessary to progress. No man works well in chains. If our personal Christianity is to be of a wholesome and vigorous sort, it must have its roots deep down in a consciousness of present forgiveness. Short of this we shall only dwindle and shrivel up, and become the mere shadows of what we should otherwise have been. There would be more true personal religion if there were more of real personal resting on Christ.

2. *Faithfulness*.—A further condition of development, and so a further help to Godliness, may be found in Faithfulness. And by this is meant not so much faithfulness to convictions, or even faithfulness to truth, but rather the steady ongoing discharge of life duty. There is a religion of daily life which is quite as important as, and infinitely

¹ Lily Dougall, *The Practice of Christianity*.

more difficult than, the religion of daily devotion. It is not common just because it has to do mainly with common things. For to carry Christ into all companies, to cultivate the honesties of trade and profession whilst steeped to the eyes in business, to maintain a true morality in politics and public affairs whilst expediency is the order of the day, to make a conscience of the genialities and courtesies and unselfishnesses of social and family life, whilst self-indulgence and independence are the great gods of the age—in a word, to live out the second halves of the Epistles of the Imprisonment, and to move in man's world with a single eye to God's glory—all this may not amount to being great, but it is being faithful. It is the possession and exhibition of the mind of Christ. And such faithfulness, whilst it has regard to common things, has regard also to the things which are called little. With it nothing is really small, because 'all duty is one,' and because there is nothing into which God cannot be brought. And the inbringing of God at once ennobles everything, whilst the intention of pleasing Him at once consecrates every act and redeems it from the charge of insignificance.

3. *Fellowship*.—It was a wise saying of that prince of missionaries, that true exemplar of personal religion, Henry Martyn, 'May I never prefer work for God to communion with Him.' It is indispensable to the existence of all right godliness. For the life that God gives can be sustained only by that which God is. The spirit of man grows by what it is fed on, and its proper nourishment is the supply of the Spirit of God. For this we must walk, not only in, but with, the Spirit. Fellowship consists, not only in that which touches the devotional side of religion, the prayer, the praise, the participation in sacramental acts; not only in that which touches its intellectual side, the thoughtful study of God's Word, or the reverent observation of God's providence, but something beside and beyond it. It is personal intercourse with a personal God. It is the habit of speaking to Him as a man speaks with his friend. It is the looking to the unseen yet ever-present and abiding Comforter, as He joins us by the way. It is the listening to the unseen yet most impressive Teacher as He takes of the things of Christ and shows them to us, and especially at the Holy Communion. It is the leaning on the arm of the unseen but ever-ready Guide and Counsellor, as He says, 'This is the way; walk ye in it.'

This is fellowship; where this is there is a growing acquaintance with God's character; a fuller knowledge of His glory in the Person of Jesus Christ; a clearer tracing of the finer lines of His truth, and with this a gradual transformation into His likeness. For if it be true that resemblance comes of lifelong partnership, if it be true that 'he that walketh with wise men shall himself be wise,' then he who companies with Jesus, he who walks with Wisdom itself, shall be changed from glory to glory by the Lord the Spirit. Union, communion, communication, these give a depth and force to all true personal religion.

4. *Expectation*.—We must have motives as well as means, and we find one in this—the hope of the Advent. If we are to live soberly, righteously, and godly (only another name for personal religion), we must look for the glorious appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ. For this enables us to deal with our specific hindrances. It is the thought of this Personal return, with its promises of rest, reunion, and reward, which helps us to purify ourselves even as He is pure. It acts as a lever to our affections, and also reminds us of things above; it throws its light on the true nature of heavenly things: it disillusionizes, it disentangles. It nerves under disappointment, it quickens in the face of difficulty. Above all, it delivers us from the paralysing power of sin, by revealing and bringing near to us the possibilities and power of the holy life beyond; and as there is not a hindrance which it cannot meet, so there is not a grace which it cannot assist. Take any feature of God's character which requires imitation, and you will find it urged and enforced in connexion with the paramount truth of the Lord's return. If then we are to live in the present that the future may be sure, we must also so live in the future that the present may be what it ought to be—holy, consistent, trustful, charitable.

There is a cry abroad that our religion is losing all its fibre and muscle, that it fails to supply a law sufficient for guidance; fails to grapple with the vices and follies of the day; is a sort of Christianity without much of Christ in it. This is not the truest way of putting the case, but it has some truth in it. Personally, we may need a reminder of a certain lack of strength. If so, we have to travel more from the Temple of the twelfth year to the house of Nazareth, from the carpenter's shop to the seashore of Capernaum, from the solitude

of the mountain to the solemnities of Calvary, if that strength is to be won. Let us take a fresh departure, remembering that Christianity is only a series of beginnings over again.¹

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Vision.

'Your young men shall see visions.'—Ac 2¹⁷.

The first Pentecost made Peter. He is no longer rash, impulsive, weak, but at once prudent, courageous, strong. No finer illustration of what Pentecost can do for a man is anywhere to be found. Pentecost makes ordinary men extraordinary, lifts the commonplace into the sublime, and transfigures daily drudgery with the splendour of Apocalyptic vision. Above all, Pentecost gives vision; and it is vision that makes the difference between one man and another, between one church and another, between one age and another, and between one nation and another.

1. The function of vision is to touch men to fine issues, to reveal the possibilities of their nature, and to give motive power for their realization. Vision is indeed the dynamic of achievement. You cannot do anything without a vision, not even an ordinary day's work. 'Where there is no vision the people perish.'

Moses beheld in the desert a bush burning with fire and not consumed, and in that day entered upon his life work. Nothing would ever daunt that man's faith, who for the briefest moment had caught the sheen of the Divine Presence. The rocks of the desert would yield water to God's people, and the skies drop manna; across the desert he would see the land flowing with milk and with honey and be content to die. For him henceforward the world was transfigured, and 'every common bush' was 'afire with God.'

His vision came to him in comparatively early life; and we of this generation have been witnesses of the power of visions to make young men willing to give their lives for an ideal even as Moses did. Our young men had dreams of bringing into the world more love, more truth, more justice, more courage, more purity: they saw a vision like the one Henry Martyn saw on his way to die at Tocaloj, 'a new Heaven and a new Earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.'

2. Mankind must ever see visions, must dream dreams, if it is to retain its pulse of youth and hope. Art must have made dreams—dreams of a light that never yet has been on land or sea, of a consecration that has never yet touched and mellowed the fair face of the earth. Art perishes

if it is not bent on new ventures, if it is not busy with experiments beyond the borders of the country already won by the masters of other days. Poets, above all, must dream. They are those who retain their youth longer than the rest of us. And they must verify their youth, their child-soul, by confidence in their own vital spontaneity, by the unfaltering faith in their new and sacred gift, such as carried Wordsworth and Browning through the dark years when their voices slumbered in the ears of men and their message was as a tale of little meaning. Music must dream, for it is the very breath of the coming life that is still behind the veil, still in pause before the call, still expectant, still unformed, still unsounded, unmeasured, unfulfilled. Music in its yearning mystery prophesies of the secrets that are waiting to be revealed. Music must ever dream.

'Mankind must ever see visions, if it is to retain its pulse of youth and hope.' A lonely island is the annex of Heaven when a man has a pure heart. Sublime experiences come and go swiftly, but do not leave a man the same. The sun sets, but the afterglow remains. The vision is henceforward a light upon the man's path, and a burning hope within his soul.

What a wealth of glory may be poured into obscure lives, as when a highland cottage is filled with the light of the setting sun, because the window is open to the west! William Blake lived with his wife in two rooms, and when the fashionable world beat upon his door he saw it come and go unmoved. 'Leave me,' he prayed, 'my visions, and peace.'

And visions are often an uplifting power in a weary, prosaic life. They bring in the unseen world to redress the balance of the seen. There are two scales to the beam, one hanging on this side of the veil, full of tribulation, the other beyond the veil, weighed down with heavenly recompense.²

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver through his windows seen
In Spitalfields, looked thrice dispirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
'Ill and o'erwork'd, how fare you in this scene?'—
'Bravely!' said he, 'for I of late have been
Much cheer'd with thoughts of Christ, the Living Bread!'

O human soul! as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam—
Not with lost toil thou labourest through the night!
Thou mak'st the Heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.³

² J. Watson, *The Inspiration of our Faith*, 68.

³ *Poems of Matthew Arnold*, 115; 'East London.'

¹ H. James.

3. But in many respects the Bible is the most alive and practical of books, concerning itself not with dreams, but with the waking realities of everyday life. We know but little of the writers of the books of the Bible. But we know this, at least, that they were not, as a rule, visionaries or mystics, living apart from their fellow-men in a sort of transcendental world.

Take, for example, the Hebrew prophets. Many of us find the utterances of the prophets exceedingly obscure and perplexing. But the reason of this is certainly not that they stood aloof from the world of men and lived in a dream-world of their own. Quite the contrary. If anything is certain about the prophets, it is that they were men of like passions with ourselves, born and bred in the midst of the people to whom they were sent, and in close touch with the movements and questions of their own age. Among them were men of action—counsellors of kings, statesmen, and social reformers—whose minds were alert to mark the changes both within and without, the hopes and fears, the troubles and the successes, that were stirring all around them.

‘The prophets,’ said Blake in the *Descriptive Catalogue* to his exhibition of pictures, ‘describe what they saw in vision as real and existing men, whom they saw with their imaginative and immortal organs; the Apostles the same; the clearer the organ, the more distinct the object. A spirit and a vision are not, as the modern philosopher supposes, a cloudy vapour, or a nothing. They are organized and minutely articulated beyond all that the mortal and perishing nature can produce. He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments and in stronger and better light than his perishing and mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all. The painter of this work asserts that all his imaginations appear to him infinitely more perfect and more minutely organized than anything seen by his mortal eye.’ ‘Inspiration and vision,’ he says in one of the marginal notes to Reynolds’s *Discourses*, ‘was then, and now is, and I hope will always remain, my element, my eternal dwelling-place.’ And ‘God forbid,’ he says also, ‘that Truth should be confined to mathematical demonstration. He who does not know Truth at sight is not worthy of her notice.’¹

4. Visions belong to youth. Young men are lured to the study of politics through a vision. The victim of unholy ambitions had his days of wonder as he looked into the future and thought of the possibilities of his own nature. Bossuet, the great Bishop, was the writer who, at the critical moment in Napoleon’s life, had ‘touched the trembling ears.’ ‘The “Discourse of Universal

History,”’ says Lord Rosebery in ‘The Last Phase,’ ‘had awakened his mind as Lodi awoke his ambition. On the fortunate day when he happened on the discourse, and read of Cæsar, Alexander, and the succession of empires, the veil of the temple, he tells us, was rent, and he beheld the movements of the gods. From that time in all his campaigns, in Egypt, in Syria, in Germany, on his greatest days, that vision never quitted him. At St. Helena it forsook him for ever.’²

How are we to preserve our spiritual vision to old age? Francis Thompson, that wonderful modern poet of mysticism questions his ‘Mistress of Vision.’

‘Where is the land of Luthany,
Where is the tract of Elenore?
I am bound therefor.’

She answers:

‘Pierce thy heart to find the key;
With thee take
Only what none else would keep;
Learn to dream when thou dost wake,
Learn to wake when thou dost sleep.
Learn to water joy with tears,
Learn from fears to vanquish fears;
To hope, for thou dar’st not despair,
Exult, for that thou dar’st not grieve;
Plough thou the rock until it bear;
Know, for thou else could’st not believe;
Lose, that the lost thou may’st receive;
Die, for none other way canst live.’³

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

The Blessing of Old Age.

‘Your old men shall dream dreams.’—Ac 2¹⁷.

There are two periods in human life to which dreams and visions belong—dreams and visions, at least, of any persistence and depth. They belong to young men and old men. The child has mere passing fancies, idle day dreams, brown studies. The imagination of the young man becomes strong—his visions project themselves and persist. During the strain and pressure of middle life the imagination loses its power, the routine of existence dulls the visionary faculty. But in the leisure and quiet of old age it asserts itself again. It would be more correct to say that the old man’s power of dreaming dreams depends a good deal on the way the young man has used his power of seeing visions. If he has injured or wasted it, it may not return with any vigour; but if he has

² Lord Rosebery, *Napoleon: The Last Phase*, 159.

³ Francis Thompson, ‘The Mistress of Vision.’

¹ Arthur Symons, *William Blake*, 13.

not misused it, it tends to reappear. Young men naturally see visions, and old men dream dreams.

If any difference is intended here between the words 'visions' and 'dreams,' it is probably that visions imply the full activity of spiritual power more appropriate to the young, while the inspiration of men in calmer age is more fitly typified by the dreams that come at night when deep sleep falleth upon men. It will be admitted, I think, that the second part of the text is not so often fulfilled as the first. The dreams of old men are a more striking because a rarer sign of a spiritual outpouring than the visions of the young.¹

1. It is no doubt the special province of the young to see visions. Youth is the time of courage and initiative. Visions are often little use to the aged, the spent, the weary. Age is apt to be unduly cautious; it sees a lion in the way. The young man says there is no lion, or if there is he is 'going' for it. The world is kept moving by the young; for theirs is the courage, the dash, the go, the initiative, essential to achievement.

It may be well, however, to remember that there are exceptions to the rule. In his diary Stopford Brooke wrote: 'I know so many old men who have much deeper feeling for life and keener desire to get out of it its treasures than the young men whom I meet possess. They are even more reckless than the young men. Whether this arise from many of them having no belief in immortality, and therefore being determined to wring the last drop out of the sponge of life—or whether it arise from their indelible immortality emerging amid the decay of the body—I do not know. But I do know it seems to me strange in contrast to the studied apathy and boredom of life which I meet so frequently among the young, and which bores me by its contact to extinction. Those follow the gleam: these never see a ray of it.'²

2. In old age beautiful things seem to speak more and more instantly to the mind. Perhaps the faculty of eager enjoyment is somewhat blunted; but the appeal, the sweetness, the pathos, the mystery of the world, as life goes on, fall far oftener and with far more of a magical spell upon the heart.

Just as we take a rambling walk because we know that a district is beautiful, so they indulge a rambling mind because they know that a whole existence is interesting. A boy does not plunge

into his future more romantically and at random than they plunge into their past. Even the folds and stretches that our tired feet have left behind them become transfigured with exquisite beauty as we press courageously on and thread the labyrinth of life's long lane. The Present has a lovely way of wreathing an aureole about the brows of the Past. And even though the Present seems nothing but a dreary commonplace, the Future will do as much for her in God's good time. He maketh everything to be beautiful in its time; but it may not be the present time. To-morrow we shall see the glory of to-day. 'You always said my lane would turn,' wrote the 'Lady of the Decoration,' 'and it *has* turned into a broad road bordered by cherry-blossoms and wistaria.' It is always so. The birds in the hedges on either hand are singing that we really lose nothing that is behind by pressing bravely towards what lies before. All the loveliness of the lane is ours, even though we have nearly reached the end.

When well stricken in years, Victor Hugo remarked to a company of friends, 'Winter is on my head; and eternal spring in my heart. The nearer I approach my end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the world which invites me. When I go down into the grave my day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn.'³

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made:

Our times are in His hand

Who saith 'A whole I planned,'

'Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!'⁴

3. The dreams of age, which are 'the true interpreters of its inclinations,' have as necessary a place in the development of the kingdom, through the operation of the Holy Spirit, as the visions of youth. Each in its own place is best; and the one is meant to supplement the other. No dream of age is to be all a dream. The dreams which are born from the brooding of age over the past are to be spiritually profitable. The dream stuff gathered from the past is to be transfigured in the light of the new revelation. The impulses awakened are not to melt away into thin air, but are to be transmuted into spiritual power to be

¹ H. W. Horwill, *The Old Gospel in the New Era*, 136.

² L. P. Jacks, *Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke*, ii. 471.

³ J. M. Campbell, *Grow Old along with Me*, 26.

⁴ Browning, 'Rabbi Ben Ezra.'

applied in the practical affairs in life. Ordinary dreams affect our waking thoughts; Spirit-born dreams affect them ennoblingly.

That holy dream—that holy dream
While all the world was chiding,
Hath cheered me as a lovely beam,
A lonely spirit guiding.

The golden dreams of age come from cherishing the golden visions of youth. The man who has been disobedient to the heavenly vision of youth, and has allowed his life to become sordid and commonplace, has nothing out of which to manufacture golden dreams when he is old. Every good old age must have had its vision, and must have

held to it, and followed it, until it became a dream.

Prophetic souls who have moved the world have mostly, like Isaiah and Paul, been young men when they saw the vision that transformed their lives, and thrust them forth to their predestined task. And when they were old they doubtless dreamed the dreams which made their closing days the best; thus fulfilling in themselves the purpose of Christianity to redeem the whole of human life from unprofitableness, and through the Spirit's outpouring, by which young men see visions and old men dream dreams, to keep the life of age from thinning out, making it rather increase to the end 'with the increase of God.'

The Conception of a Finite God.

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THE word 'infinite' as applied to God or to His attributes is not a Scriptural term, although it has always been applied to the Deity in Christian theology. Even the almightiness, omnipresence, and omniscience, which have been asserted or implied in certain passages of the Old and New Testament writings, do not transcend the finite unless the world as created, indwelt, and known by God be assumed to be infinite. It is from Greek philosophy that Christian theology borrowed the word in order to apply it to God and His attributes.

Again, it may be observed that Christian or other forms of religious experience do not presuppose or involve the necessity of regarding God as infinite. The religious belief that to God our hearts are open and that from Him no secrets are hid, or that in answer to prayer He is able if He will to satisfy human needs, does not imply a Power more than *adequate* to know and to do what religious experience demands; and that is within the limits of finitude, however much it be. Hume and Kant made a point against the old cosmological and téléological 'proofs' of the existence of God when they remarked that we can never argue from any kind of effect to a cause greater than is sufficient for the production of that

effect; and the satisfaction of the demands of religious experience is but a particular case of this general truth. God conceivably may transcend in knowledge, power, etc., the finite; but from the world or from our experience we cannot strictly infer that this is so.

Hence it may reasonably be asked whether the borrowing by theology of the idea of infinity from Greek philosophy was necessary or beneficial. And when we examine the various senses which the word has borne, it appears doubtful whether we can answer the question in the affirmative.

In ancient Greek philosophy, the source from which theology derived the concept, 'infinite' first meant boundless in the sense of essentially devoid of all defining limitations, and was therefore identical in meaning with the word 'absolute' in one of its current acceptations. In this sense 'infinite' was appropriated by gnostics and mystics, but not used, save perhaps very exceptionally, even by the platonizing Alexandrine Fathers. The second sense of 'infinite' with the Greeks was similar to that in which the term was used till lately in mathematical sciences, where it denotes the endless in space, time, or number: that which cannot be attained by successive acts of addition. This sense is again inapplicable to God, who is without

parts or magnitude. With Plato, 'infinity' came to mean perfection and immutability; and when borrowed with this signification it introduced into theology a tendency to doctrines incompatible with Christian and theistic faith. It was only when the word was deprived of its original signification of indeterminateness, and came to denote something determinate as well as surpassing all limits, that it could be appropriated at all by theology; and then only to describe the Divine attributes rather than the Divine Being Himself. Of late years mathematicians have invented a new meaning for 'infinity,' of quite a technical kind; but this does not lend itself at all to theology in that it is inapplicable to anything actual, and indeed only to classes, series, etc., composed of members within the realm of non-actual entities. Thus it would seem that the term 'infinite' has never borne any connotation which is at the same time definite and valuable, and throughout the history of its usage it has tended largely to be replaced by such terms as 'perfect' or 'eternal.' Theology can well spare the word.

On the other hand, it requires care when we would attempt to define the determinateness and limitation which we must predicate, instead of indeterminateness and infinitude, of God and His attributes. In a previous article it was argued that limitations were to be read into 'omnipotence' if without meaninglessness we are to retain that word in our doctrine of God. And the ideas of providence and purpose may similarly be shown to bespeak inherent limitation. Both, for instance, involve a relatedness to the time-process; and an 'increasing purpose,' a goal to which the world tends, implies distinction between means and end which could find no place in an unlimited mind with unlimited power, etc. From Origen onwards Christian theology has made use of the phrase Self-limitation, and has applied it in dealing with Creation, the Incarnation, human freedom, and other problems. The phrase is useful and fulfils a manifold need; and the only drawback to it is that it seems to imply a state preceding any act of limitation, or that God is what He is by His will and not by His nature. Perhaps this difficulty is not insuperable; but the problems to which it leads are too complex and difficult to warrant digression to discuss them here.

The attribute of omniscience perhaps also calls for qualifications such as those we found necessary

when considering omnipotence. Omniscience, or knowledge of all there is to know, of course involves foreknowledge of 'free' actions; and this subject has received passing notice from one or two recent writers on Theism. Professor Sorley¹ sees no difficulty here: 'If we remember that the infinite mind is not limited to a finite span of the time-process, we must allow that, notwithstanding the free causation of finite minds, the actions which we call future are yet eternally present to his knowledge. To a mind which transcends time there cannot be the difference which exists for us between memory and foresight; the past and the future must be equally open to his view. Universal determination contradicts freedom; universal knowledge does not. And, if God foresaw, can we suppose that he would call into being spirits who would frustrate his purpose?'

But the chief difficulty seems in this passage to be passed over. It is accentuated, however, by another living philosopher. Professor J. Ward remarked in his work, *The Realm of Ends*,² that perfect knowledge at one glance of the whole of the temporal order, past, present, and future, is ill-called foreknowledge; it is rather eternal knowledge. And (*op. cit.* p. 473) he further observes, 'There is no contradiction in a complete knowledge of all that has been; for what has been is as fact equally real with what is. Why then should there be anything contradictory in a complete knowledge of the future? Well, if there were not, we should have to say with Augustine, *futura jam facta sunt*. But this is just what we cannot say; for it is an obvious contradiction.' 'Foreknowledge of the future' (p. 478) 'is, we may contend, something of a misnomer. It is either not strictly *fore*-knowledge or it is not strictly knowledge.' The Divine knowledge is to be distinguished from His *creative* intuition; the former does not posit or constitute its objects. The free creature's creations are not God's creations, and therefore, as Professor Ward says, we are not entitled to assume that they are part of His knowledge. He knows the tendencies and possibilities of human activity; He is beyond surprise, and His purpose beyond frustration; but as that purpose is to allow His creatures some initiative and to associate them as co-workers with Himself, it surely must imply some contingency, and some self-limitation in respect of knowledge of the particular

¹ *Moral Values and the Idea of God*, p. 472.

² 1911, p. 313.

forms that free action will take. Direct intuition of even a finite free agent's free acts, which are totally different from the mechanically determined movements of heavenly bodies such as astronomy can predict, seems to us inconceivable even for a Divine mind; and thus our freedom may be held to set limits to God's omniscience. This is part of His self-limitation, and therefore implies no derogation from His majesty or from His value for religious experience.

Indeed, the philosophical theologians who seem desirous to retain the conception of an infinite God, wholly unlimited as to power and knowledge, tend to identify God with the Absolute; to conceive of Him not merely as the Supreme Being, the Ground of all reality, but as inclusive of all reality. And this resolves the many into the One, finite spirits into adjectives or modes of the Divine Being. It is pantheism, and culminates in denying the applicability to God of such conceptions as personality, ethical goodness, etc. God as thus conceived then becomes useless for religion, unknowable, or indistinguishable from Nature. If human individuality be real, and freedom not illusion, then God cannot be the whole of reality, or an Infinite Being unlimited by the creatures He has made.

But to affirm that God is determinate, personal, limited as to power and knowledge in ways which we have seen He must be if His nature is not to be regarded as self-contradictory, is not to go to the extreme of conceiving Him as a finite being only somewhat better, wiser, and more powerful than ourselves. It is not necessary, in order to be able to think of God as actual and living, to regard Him (as he, Mr. Wells, seems to do), as a consciousness compounded of the best elements in our consciousness, and destined like 'the social mind' to extinction when humanity shall be no more. It is not necessary, again, to conceive Him as a struggling

God who needs our help in order to achieve His purpose; as if the world, to contain a real moral issue, must be capable of defeating its Creator, and His triumph over evil cannot be depended upon until after the event. The doctrine propounded by Mr. Wells, indeed, leads to polytheism; for, as Dr. D'Arcy has remarked,¹ if a god be a collection of finite consciousnesses or a distillation of their better elements, there is no more reason why there should be one such rather than many, or why Athena should not be a reality rather than a mythical figure.

But Bishop D'Arcy's recent arguments against a Deity limited in any sense, against a God distinct from the philosopher's Absolute, do not seem to be cogent. Normal religious experience, as we have already seen, demands an adequate, but not necessarily an infinite, Providence; and the experience of the typical mystic, regarded by himself as a direct contact with the Deity, is expressible without the need of drawing a distinction between an infinite and a limited Being, although, to be sure, it has generally been interpreted by the mystic in terms of Pantheism rather than of Theism. Moreover though this great experience is 'very naturally expressed by mystics as a direct intuition of the Deity, the subjective facts concerning such experience can be psychologically explained without implication of any objective counterpart to it. Much so-called 'immediate experience' is really an interpretation involving complex mediation, and not pure and simple *datum*. The problem of evil, not to speak of other considerations, compels us to predicate limitation of a kind—such as is involved in all determinate being—of God; and the only alternative is an Absolute transcending all human valuations such as good and evil, and whose experience includes all our folly and wickedness and illusion.

¹ *Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society*, 1917-18.

Entre Nous.

SOME TOPICS.

The Expository Times.

THERE is encouragement in this letter, dated September 19, 1919, but there is something else, and it is for that something else that it is quoted here:

'After taking in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES from the first number, I felt I must write to you and express my gratitude for the help it has been to me during these years. I have been pastor here for thirty-five years, and during the last thirty years THE EXPOSITORY TIMES has been a constant inspiration both intellectually and spiritually. From no other source except the Bible have I derived so much help. Being pastor of a small church, with living now £130 and no house, you will understand how I look forward to it month by month, notwithstanding I have been able to obtain your DICTIONARY, 5 vols., and also CHRIST AND THE GOSPELS.

'I thought it would not be presuming too much to write and tell you this, as I had intended giving it up with the September issue, but after seeing your programme for the coming year it is impossible.'

Sympathy.

Elemental Drifts is the title of an anonymous booklet published by Mr. Stockwell (1s. 6d. net). It contains short paragraphs of which this is one: "I told her," she said to me, "that there is something worse. It may have been selfish; it may have been cruel, but . . . it was true."

"I have lost my son," she cried piteously, and looked to me for comfort. I had been her bridesmaid. "Is it for ever? Do you think I have lost him for ever?"

"No!" I said to her. "Not for ever; you will find him again. But I can never lose a son to find him there—you have given your boy and it is agony, but would you change places with me?"

"O happy mother! through all the anguish of your suffering heart, what is your grief to mine?"

"And you said that to her," I exclaimed reproachfully, "at such a time!"

"I may not have spoken aloud," she said after a pause, "for she kissed me."

A Particular Providence.

In *The Coming Miracle* (Marshall Brothers; 3s. 6d. net) the Rev. T. L. B. Westerdale gives us his interpretation of 'the great prophecy of Isaiah and Jesus concerning the Jewish race and its dramatic fulfilment in history.' He records this experience:

'For that sermon I had studied particularly two chapters of the Bible, the 7th of Daniel and the 16th of Revelation. From these chapters I believe we can discern the time in which we are living. "To know that time" is advice given to us by the Founder of my Church, John Wesley.

'After the service I went for a walk with my host, who was very kind to me, but who—I felt—did not accept a word of my message. Quietly he began to reason with me, and great fear fell again upon me. Had I done right? Had I obeyed the voice of God, or of my own imagination? What did the future hold for me if I pursued this policy? There would be no future for me in Methodism. I was told that very few of my brethren believed in a visible Second Coming of Jesus. People were already warning me that I should be regarded as an ignoramus, a foolish youth preaching obsolete old wives' fables, an "unsafe" man, a crank, hounding one idea to death, emptying churches, alienating sympathy, doomed to be side-tracked and useless. My dearest friends begged me to put away prophecy and get out into the fresh air. They said it was an evil thing and poisonous, and had ruined many men. And now I had preached on it!

'All these thoughts flocked into my mind as I walked along the road with my host, when suddenly I stopped dead, my eye fixed on a piece of paper lying there on the pavement before me. Something within me said: "Pick it up!" I felt it was an extraordinary thing to do, but I did it. It was a page from a Bible. One glance showed me that it was the 7th Chapter of Daniel! No other pieces of paper were lying about anywhere. Something said: "Keep it!" I did. The following Wednesday afternoon I was walking alone down a sandy lane near the village of Great Totham, thirteen miles from Chelmsford, and was again pondering over my extraordinary sermon of the previous Sunday,

wondering what would be the result of it, and whether any one would believe it, and whether I should have to do the same thing again in other places, and generally feeling miserable and ill at ease, when, suddenly, I again stopped dead, for there in the centre of the lane, a few feet before me, was a piece of paper—just one piece with no other pieces lying about anywhere. Something said: "Pick it up." I did. Imagine my amazement when I found it was a page from a Bible. One glance showed me that it was the 16th Chapter of Revelation!

'I put this piece of paper by the side of the other piece which I had kept in my pocket-book, and I have them to this day.

'These were the two chapters I had studied for my sermon at Chelmsford! The 7th of Daniel and the 16th of Revelation!

'I stood there in the lane spellbound. Had Jesus Himself appeared and spoken to me I should not have had a stronger confirmation of my conviction that I had done right, and was obeying the voice of God, than I got in that moment.'

Gehenna.

Professor Paul Haupt has a note on Gehenna in the Report of the Johns Hopkins Philological Association for 1918-1919. As that official document is not likely to be accessible, we take the liberty of quoting it.

Gehenna, the Biblical name for the place of the future punishment of the wicked, represents the Aramaic form (*Gê-hennâm*) of the Heb. *Gê-hinnôm*, i.e. the Valley of Hinnom, south of Jerusalem. The final *m* was dropped in *γέεννα*. Similarly *Maria* is shortened from *Μαριαμ*, Heb. *Miriâm*, which may mean *fat* or *milky*, milk-white (cf. Arab. *Mariyah*). *Mary* does not mean *Star of the Sea*; *stella maris* is a corruption of *stilla maris*, drop of the sea, Heb. *mar-iam* (see *American Journal of Semitic Languages*, vol. xx. p. 152 n., *American Journal of Philology*, vol. xxvii. p. 162).

Hinnom is generally supposed to be a proper name. If this view were correct, the variants *Gê-ben-hinnôm* and *Gê-bênê-hinnôm*, the Valley of the Son of Hinnom or of the Sons of Hinnom, would be strange. *Hinnôm* may be the infinitive of the reflexive of Heb. *nûm*, to slumber, which is used in a number of passages of the sleep of death, so that *bênê-hinnôm* would correspond to οἱ κοιμώ-

μενοι (1 Th 4¹⁸) or οἱ κεκοιμένοι (Mt 27⁵²) or οἱ κοιμηθέντες (1 Th 4¹⁵), which are used in the New Testament for the dead (cf. Syr. *dámkê*, the dead, lit. *sleepers*, and Jn 11¹⁸).

It has been suggested that the name *Αχελδαμαχ* in Ac 1⁹, which is explained to mean *field of blood*, signifies *field of sleep* = cemetery; but the final *χ* is as unwarranted in this case as it is in *Σειραχ* = *Sirâ*; cf. the *r* in our *idear*, etc. (see Dalman's *Aramaic Grammar*, 1905, p. 202, n. 3). For the reflexive form *hinnôm*, to sleep, we may compare *κοιμᾶσθαι*, *εἰνάζεσθαι*, *κατακλίνεσθαι*, *κατάζεσθαι*, *κατακέεσθαι*, *κατῆσθαι*, French *se coucher*, and Assyri. *utûlu* = *nutahhulu*, the reflexive of *na'alu* = Heb. *nahâl*.

Also Kidron, the name of the deep depression in the ground on the east of Jerusalem, between the Temple hill and Mount Olivet, seems to mean *κοιμητήριον*, cemetery; Heb. *qidrôn* may be a transposition of *riqdôn*, resting-place, from *raqda*, which is a synonym of *nâma*, to sleep, in Arabic. Similarly Aram. *qidrâ*, pot, appears in Assyrian as *dîqaru*. Arab. *raqdah* denotes the time between death and resurrection. The Jews, as well as the Christians and the Mohammedans of Palestine believe that the Last Judgment will be held in the Kidron valley, and it is the dearest wish of every Jew to find a grave there. The left bank of the Kidron, far up the western side of the Mount of Olives, is covered with the white tombstones of the Jews. Some Jewish teachers believe that the bodies of the righteous buried in foreign lands will roll back under the ground to Palestine to obtain a share in the resurrection preceding the Messiah's reign on earth (see Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, vol. ii. p. 562).

The Kidron valley is called also the Valley of Jehoshaphat. This designation (which cannot be traced beyond the fourth century of our era) may be based on the fact that in the account of the Maccabean victory, given in 1 Mac 16⁹, Simon's son, John Hyrcanus, is said to have pursued the Syrian invaders as far as Kedron. This, however, is not the Kidron valley east of Jerusalem, but the fortress of Kedron, the present *Katra*, south-east of Jamnia near the Mediterranean. The Book of Joel, which refers to a Valley of Jehoshaphat, was written toward the end of Simon's reign (about 136 B.C.), when King Antiochus VII. Sidetes sent his general Cendebeus against Judah (see Haupt, *Armageddon*, in the

Journal of the American Oriental Society, vol. xxxiv. p. 412).

Both the Valley of Hinnom and the Kidron valley seem to have been ancient burial grounds. According to 2 K 23⁶ the graves of the common people were in the Kidron valley, and in Jer 23²³, 19^{2.6} the Greek Bible has for *the Valley* (of Hinnom) the rendering πολάνδιον, a burial-place for many. In Jer 31⁴⁰ we find after *the whole, Valley* (of Hinnom) the addition: [*with = despite*] *the dead bodies and the offal*, followed by *haš-šeremôt* which is a corruption of *haš-šerēfôt*, cremators, πυραί, πυρκαϊαί, Lat. *ustrinae*, *busta*. Heb. *šerēfâ* is synonymous with *tofet* or, rather *tēfât*, the Aramaic form of Heb. *šēfôt*, fire-place, ash-heap (see *Journal of Biblical Literature*, vol. xxxv. p. 157).

The flaming pyres with the dead bodies of the apostate Jews, on which the Maccabees feasted their eyes when they went to worship JHVH in the Temple, were in the Kidron valley, between the Temple hill and Mount Olivet. There were plenty of corpses to feed the worms and the fires: *their worm died not, and their fire was not quenched* (Is 66²⁴; cf. Mk 9⁴⁸). Worshipers on the Temple hill could not have seen the corpses in the Valley of Hinnom. The two valleys have often been confounded: e.g. the great Moslem traveller Ibn Batûta (1304-1378) says (vol. i. p. 124 of the Paris edition) that the valley of Gehenna was east of Jerusalem. In the pre-Exilic period heathen images and altars were repeatedly cast into the Kidron valley and burnt there (cf. 1 K 15¹³, 2 K 23^{4.6.12}, 2 Ch 16¹⁵ 29¹⁶ 30¹⁴). But on Doomsday the Kidron valley will see many of those who sleep in the dusty ground awake, some to everlasting life, and some to utter disgrace and everlasting abhorrence (Dn 12²).

NEW POETRY.

D. F. G. Johnson.

The Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, tells us in an introductory note to *Poems*, by Donald F. Goold Johnson (Cambridge: at the University

Press; 4s. 6d. net), that Mr. Johnson was a son of the manse, that he was educated at Caterham and Cambridge (where he won the Chancellor's Medal for English Verse in 1914), that he joined the Roman Church, and that he fell in France in 1916. 'A trench had to be held at all costs and the Germans prevented from advancing. Johnson without hesitation undertook the task but bade his friends good-bye, fully certain that he should not return.'

The poems written during the war are very different from the early poems. Not that they are either bitter or 'realistic.' They simply pass from play to performance, from indifference to responsibility. Some of them are absorbingly religious. In the 'Ode on the Resurrection' there is poetic power as well as piety. 'Victor Victima,' which we shall quote, at once finds a way into our hearts and may yet find a way into our hymnals:

VICTOR VICTIMA.

O sov'reign Body broken on the tree,
Mine is the traitor kiss that hangs Thee
there:

Yea, and the garden of Thy pale despair
My heart's Gethsemane,

That garden where, upon the darkling sward
Drunk with the greed of hell, the wage of
death,

Stealing upon Thee, with her treacherous
breath

My soul betrays her Lord.

Lo! mine the anguish of Thy piercé side
My malice is that spear that woundeth
Thee;

Yet for Thy recreant lover, Lord, for me,
In silence Thou hast died.

Still move Thy gentle lips to love and rue,
While round Thee mock the children of
Thy pain,

'Forgive them, Father, for their hearts'
disdain,

They know not what they do.'

Breathe now, dear Jesus, as Thy darkness falls
 The peace no terrors quench, no pains
 dismay;
 Bring me, all-crucified, with Thee to-day
 Into Thy father's halls.

Leslie Hinchliff Winn.

Once more we have a volume of poems half war and half pre-war. And once more the war poems are the most momentous. For war like other calamities has the office assigned it of trying the hearts and reins of men. The pre-war poems in Leslie Hinchliff Winn's *Through Two Windows* (Palmer & Hayward; 2s. 6d. net) are of the country and the sea. The war poems are of the contemptible little army. The matter of death is imminent. This ode is slightly reminiscent of Blanche White:

If it were not that days arise from night
 And fall again to night for quiet sleep;
 If it were not that we can always creep
 Into the velvet hours bereft of light,
 Closing the house of thought to each delight
 The day has given: or—if Earth did not
 sweep
 Its silent orbit through enshadowed deep,
 So eyes might see God's millioned candlelight!

We might have feared death's shadow-folded
 rest,
 Thinking no dawn would glow of beauty's fire,
 But every night we find by morning blest,
 And all its hours are set with twinkling
 quire.
 Day makes us long to lie upon night's breast
 So, but for death, who would a life desire?

Norman Hugh Romanes.

These *War-Shrine Fragments* (Oxford: Gadney) are dedicated by Mr. N. H. Romanes to the memory of Lieut.-Colonel Maitland Hardyman, D.S.O., M.C., who fell leading his regiment to

victory on August 24, 1918, aged 23. And although there are other poems in the book, the 'Fragments' are the best of it, fullest filled with poetic passion, best fitted with poetic phrase:

What then is their song's exultation as they pass
 through burning and slaughter?
 Wonders of earth and sky and sea and river,
 Field and mountain and flood, and light and
 darkness,
 The hosts of heaven, the sunshine and changing
 seasons,
 Winds and storms of God, the rain and thunder
 clouds,
 White frosts and covering snows in winter,
 All the beauty of earth their song and mine
 would celebrate.

And heavenly life they sing, the joy of every
 creature
 Moving upon old earth or beneath her waters
 unseen,
 Or wafted about the skies on happy pinions
 Great and small, leviathan, tiniest insect,
 The everlasting joy of all living things is in
 their song,
 Last of all, most perfect, the spirit of man
 divine,
 The high adventuring soul of man victorious,
 The sorrowful, afraid, self-accusing, weak spirit
 of man.

Claude Houghton.

The title of Mr. Claude Houghton's volume *The Tavern of Dreams* (Grant Richards; 3s. 6d. net) is derived from the last poem in it, a dramatic poem in which the education of the voices that come with the wind through the fields is shown to be better than the scientific instruction that city life affords, though it is more perplexing in its purpose and more painful in its process. The shorter poems are experiences of a mind that has freed itself from the chains of rationalism but has not yet found the assurance of faith:

THE PALACE OF LOVE.

In the twilit land of Silence,
 On the frontier of Death,
 Love reared a mighty Palace,
 (So an ancient legend saith)
 Where the cypress tree and myrtle
 Stood guardians of a gate,
 Whereon was strangely carven:
 'Who loves may laugh at Fate.'

In a starlit land of beauty
 By a moon-made silver sea.
 Joy thrilled the lilac shadows
 With celestial harmony:
 Dreams danced among the moonbeams,
 Hope crowned the gliding hours,
 And Love, asleep, lay smiling
 Among the dreaming flowers.

Grief crept into the portal
 Of the palace of Love's dream
 When the young moon strayed in beauty
 Through the starry skies a gleam;
 And upon the midnight magic
 Rose a wondrous song of pain,
 And Life was all its burden
 And Death its deep refrain.

Then Love awoke and listened,
 Then Love in silence wept,
 And through the moonlit portal
 With head down-bended crept:
 And cypress tree and myrtle
 Beneath the white stars' light
 Saw Grief and Love together
 Pass out into the night.

In a twilit land of Silence
 On the frontier of Death,
 There lies a mighty ruin,
 (So an ancient legend saith)
 Where the weeds and moss half cover
 A lichen-mantled gate,
 Whereon is strangely carven:
 'Who loves may laugh at Fate.'

H. L. Hubbard.

The book of verse called *Epiphanies*, by H. L. Hubbard (Heffer; 2s. net), is a book of most melodious and most religious poetry. Let us no more complain of the dearth of sacred poets. We are now recovering the God we lost when the war began.

PURGATION.

I.

God held me in the hollow of His Hand
 And smiled at me.
 Through all the busy days I caught
 The radiance of His smile: I faced the world
 In the reflection of His light;
 Upon my lips a song, deep in my heart a
 prayer
 That through my life His light might tinge the
 world—
 God was my all, and joy was everywhere.

II.

And then He turned His face away; the light
 was gone,
 Gloom fell on all my life; I struggled to get free.
 And in my struggle, I well nigh forgot
 Where I was hiding, and who held me close.
 God's face was turned, I knew not how He
 looked;
 Pain sat enthroned upon my aching heart,
 Dull, gnawing grief, and horrid darksome fear
 Ruled all my life. The Crown of Thorns was mine.
 Naked I stood and broken, waiting long,
 Not knowing where I was, tortured with thoughts
 Of what had been.

III.

And then at last I caught a glimpse
 Of that averted Face.
 I saw it mirrored in the smiling eyes
 Of little children.
 I knew the night had passed, and with the
 morn
 Had come a joy, and that deep peace
 That passeth knowledge, for I saw again
 His Face: and lo, it bore the marks
 Of all my struggles. He had borne them too,
 And on His toilworn Face there lingered still
 The impress of that wondrous tender smile,
 More beauteous than before, telling of conflict past,
 —Aye, and of victory won.

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